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COURTESY GONE MAD.

NOW A GALLANT BUT BRAINLESS SWELL PROTECTED HIS ADORED ONE FROM GETTING WET AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS NOBBY ATTIRE, AND PROVED THAT ALL THE FOOLS ARE NOT DEAD YET.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE use of vitriol by a woman who considered herself wronged has been varied in the case of Mrs. John Fichtner, of Louisville, Ky. She threw concentrated ley in the face of a prominent dentist who, she alleged, seduced her. The suffering man denies the charge of wrong conduct made by the woman.

It is alleged that the attorney of the Illinois whiskey dealers has been using underhand means in his attempt to secure a compromise of the judgment of \$240,000 in favor of the government. It is said that an attempt was made to keep all knowledge of the matter from the solicitor of the treasury, whose favorable action is necessary in all cases of compromise.

THE Senatorial contest at Albany was almost as bad as the Whittaker trial. It has cost the State an immense amount of money and the people a woeful outlay of profanity and patience. There is no trouble, however, out of which some good does not come, and this fact has been demonstrated very emphatically in the present struggle. The true characters of several eminent and truly good statesmen have been revealed and their careers have been ended thereby. Bribery, perjury, licentiousness have been proven in the case of a few, who would doubtless keep on presenting themselves to the public for office had not their sins found them out. For their riddance from public life the people may be thankful. It is almost compensation for the annoyance the Legislature has caused this summer.

NOTWITHSTANDING the tirades from the pulpit and the press and threats of condign legislation, Mormonism continues to flourish and increase. About every month in the year some proselyting bishop lands at this port with a cargo of lecherous males and females gathered from the slums of England and Scotland, and takes them hence to Salt Lake City. These poor, deluded beings, it has been proved in nine cases out of ten, are converts to this faith more out of worldly considerations than spiritual. They picture themselves located in a pleasant country flowing with milk and honey, with full liberty to gratify their passions, and such a state of existence is heaven to them. These ideas are inculcated by the unscrupulous missionaries, who care more for strengthening their accursed creed than anything else. If the Government is ever going to do anything toward crushing out this disgrace to America it should begin at once. Mormonism should be blotted out and it will require vigorous means to do it.

WENT TOO FAR.

Police Justice Bixby is evidently a personage who does not believe in nonsense. Poetry and music are probably aggravations to the mathematical regularity of his mind. Before this affluent Dogberry appeared a criminal a few days since whose offense was all the more culpable that its fellow was not on record in the justice's experience. A policeman in Madison Square, in the cool of a summer evening, saw a quiet but deeply-interested crowd surrounding a venerable figure. From the throat of this figure proceeded flute-like thrills and cadenced melody that surprised the throng and made them willing to pour into the venerable singer's hat some measure of their satisfaction in small coins. Of course a scene like this would be calculated to arouse the indignation of the average New York policeman. What right have a crowd of homeless and ragged wretches to regale themselves with the luxury of music in a public park? What right has a gray-headed old sinner to have a voice like a tenor of twenty-five? These and other perfectly rational queries may be supposed to have formulated themselves in the head of the preserver of morals. The elderly sinner was straightway seized and ignominiously bounced. In the operation the inquisitive policeman discovered under the long, gray hairs of the troubadour ebon locks that did not tally with the beard. He removed the wig, and revealed to the crowd a man of perhaps forty. This was enough. He was hurried before Justice Bixby, where he told a story that would have moved most courts to compassionate relenting; even if there had been a crime. The singer had been in good employment in England, but—through no fault of his own—lost his place. He had sung in concerts and comic opera; and, finding himself in New York, at the end of his resources, ashamed to beg and with no prospects of food, he disguised himself and went into the streets to sing the ballads of the poor to the poor. For this heinous crime (!) Justice Bixby sentenced him to six months on Blackwell's Island. Verily, poverty is a crime, according to this strait-laced magistrate's ideas of justice. A man may murder, rob a bank and raise the devil generally, but he may not earn a penny to save himself from starving if at the same time the pride of manhood leads him to disguise his personality. Bixby should be translated. Let it be added, to the credit of our common humanity, that the outlines of this heartless act were no sooner published than a score of noble-hearted people came forward to rescue the victim, and he was, so soon as he had proved his identity, released and proffered help in every available form.

THE WHITEWASHING OF COWLEY.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Committee of Inquiry has decided that justice disgraced herself in meting out to Shepherd Cowley what the public considered something like fit punishment for the crime of abusing helpless infancy. The committee admit that the Rev. Cowley has ever been conspicuous as a cross-grained, quarrelsome person, a fact, alone, the general public can scarcely reconcile with his fitness to the title they considered he defiled. The committee aver, however, that his services as a missionary on Blackwell's Island offset his evil temper; another paradox the benighted outside world will scarcely bring itself to a comprehension of in any special hurry. But the fact upon which the committee chiefly base their acquittal of the poor, persecuted shepherd is that they are satisfied that the evidence in the Court of General Sessions under which Mr. Cowley was convicted, underrated the quantity of beans supplied by him to his victims.

We cannot desecrate any particular moral in the Rev. Cowley's whitewashing by the Church Committee, save that Chadband finds friends

where honest men could not, and justification out of facts that would condemn people who did not masquerade in the uniform of the conventicle. But the ruling of the committee through which the whitening of this moral sepulchre was performed deserves the severest condemnation on all hands. It is an insult to justice and a rank outrage on the faith the Committee professes to uphold; a faith in which the little children upon whose misery the man it absolved from all blame traded, have no small place. Perhaps a diet on that short allowance of beans whose exaggeration in court they deprecate would tend to convince the committee men that there was more harm in the Rev. Cowley than his missionary labors on Blackwell's Island can atone for. There are many people who will regret that the experiment cannot be put in practice.

THE CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS.

Arrests are being made in connection with the Star Route swindle. They have commenced on the straw bidders and bogus sureties, several of them having been nipped in Philadelphia. On Tuesday Thomas McDevitt and Legrand Ensign were arrested for conspiracy in signing worthless bonds for contractors. A day or two afterwards a man named Price was arrested in the same place for a similar offense, the contractor for whom he was surety having bid on six advertised routes and turned them over to Brady, according to the programme previously arranged. If the acts of these underlings were illegal and criminal, it remains to be seen whether their superiors, Brady, Dorsey & Co., can justify their conduct by any standard. The men who acted as tools in securing the original contracts at a fair price to be paid by the government for the service certainly ought not to be regarded as more culpable than those who took an assignment of them, had the routes "expedited," and the amount of compensation raised to enormous proportions, and who pocketed all the profits of the rascally transactions. It may be well to commence the criminal business with the lesser lights in order to secure their testimony to aid in extinguishing the greater ones, but under no circumstances should the prosecution stop short of the knaves who inspired, managed and profited by the fraudulent business. It has been one of the disgraces of all our efforts at reforming abuses that the main miscreants were allowed to go unpunished while their tools bore the brunt of their own and their master's misdeeds. It is to be hoped that the present case will prove an exception.

RIDICULOUSLY ROMANTIC.

The Circumstances Preceding and Attending the Marriage of a Mississippi Couple.

YAZOO CITY, MISS., July 25.—An interesting story comes from Bellsonia which describes an affair tragic, romantic and somewhat amusing. Living near that place is a family named Gorey, and among other things it contains a daughter whose loveliness completely captivated a neighbor named Hubbard. The latter visited the parents only to find them hard and unreasonable, and without more ado he went home for his gun and returning attempted to shoot Mr. Gorey, who by some accident was standing behind his wife. The latter was shot but not dangerously. (This happened last week and on Monday Hubbard was arraigned for trial, having been under bail. The young lady concerned was a witness for the State, but when called on she pleaded diffidence and was allowed a little time, which she improved by going to a store near by where she met and was married to Hubbard by a magistrate. The announcement in the court room raised a storm, but at last accounts all parties were becoming rapidly reconciled.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., has a greatly respected justice of the peace. An illustration of his method of dealing justice is commended to justices in other far West towns. He said to a Mexican: "Ye are charged with stealing canned goods; what have ye to say?" The Mexican replied: "Quien sabe?" "Well," said the judge, "I'll thrust the harpoon of justice into yez and send you up for 90 days till yez can sabe. Next!"

SEASONING.

ONLY upon compulsion: They were speaking of a miser just deceased. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had to," was the laconic answer of Fogg.

STOCKINGS of the female sex are so long now that the girls pull them over the necks of their dresses, ornament them with breastpins and make them do duty as collars.

A GENTLEMAN down East seeing his pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on kissed her, supposing her to be the real owner. He soon discovered his error, through the assistance of his wife.

HE was not what you call handsome, Though his mouth was as red as a rose; For straw (you will spell the word backward) Surrounded the end of his nose.

AN anxious correspondent writes us a long communication, saying that he "can prove from the Bible that angels have wings." We don't believe it. Bible or no Bible, the one we married hasn't any wings.

A CINCINNATI girl spent all her leisure time for three years in learning to box, and then when she got married and wanted to fight her husband she went at him and pulled hair and scratched the same as any other woman would. You can't make over human nature.

THE following epistle was picked up near the post-office the other day: "Dear Gus—The reason I didn't laugh at you when you laughed at me in the post-office is because I have a bile under my arm, and I can't laugh as I used to, as Heaven is my judge. Your loving Dora."

"How can I forget thee," said the youngster whose pocket-book was emptied as he emerged from an ice-cream saloon with nine sisters an evening or two since; he was smitten with but one, but all demanded cream or frozen custard. It was such hot weather you know; thermometer 98.

A FASHION writer states that "during the coming season ladies who wish to be considered fashionable will wear nothing but longitudinally striped hose." This is no doubt a comfortable costume for this weather, but for modesty's sake there should be added to it a pair of ear-rings or a necklace, at least.

NEWSPAPERS are having a great civilizing influence on the Indians of the West. A dusky maiden whose father had brought home a patent medicine sheet the other day, went at once to a drug store and bought a liver pad, and the next day she appeared on the street dressed only in that liver protector.

A LARAMIE man who used to own a water-melon patch and a bull-dog in Iowa is having constructed for the world's fair a log cabin bed-quilt containing 2,135 pieces. The blocks are relics of boy's pants, pried out of the jaws of the bull dog during the years that the owner was general manager of the melon patch.

"You make me think," John Williams said, dropping upon a sofa beside a pretty girl last Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured, "it is so nice; but that is pa's step in the hall and unless you can drop out of the front window before I cease speaking you'll have a little wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not." His descent was rapid.

OH, our Julia danced the racket,
And she kicked so very high
That ladies turned away their heads
And softly breathed "Oh my!"
Then her partner said, "Oh Julia,
Such kicks we can't allow!"
So for spite she kicked the bucket,
And we have no Julia now.

A SLY old coon: "Uncle Abraham, whom were you talking to just now?" "Dat, sah, am a cuzin ob my wife's." "A cuzin?" "Yes, sah." "I don't know about it." "W-a-a-l, sah, dat am de truth." "I guess you mean to do about right, don't you, Uncle Abraham?" "Yes, sah, you're 'actly 'c'rect, sah. I knows my business." And the good old man chuckled to himself like a boy of three as he felt of the shoulder she patted and muttered: "Cuzin! I say cuzin. Ha! ha! ha! Dat feller musn't think he ken ketch us ole chickens."

It always produces a queer kind of sensation to meet a lady relative or friend after an absence of ten or fifteen years. You look at her and think, "dear, dear, what a change to be sure, what an old looking hen she has grown to be." And she looks at you and thinks "well, well, and this podgy, bald-headed old rooster is all that is left of my handsome Jim, Dick, Bill or whatever your hideous name may be." Then you both exclaim with one breath: "Why, how well you're looking; not a day older." What liars we mortals are.

A BACHELOR, too poor to get married, yet too susceptible to let the girls alone, was riding with a lady all of a summer day, and accidentally dropped an arm around her waist. No objection was made for a while and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure on it. But of a sudden, whether of a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing or the sight of another beau coming never was known, the lady started with violent energy and, with a flashing energy, exclaimed: "Mr. B., I can support myself!" "Capital," was the instant reply. "You are just the girl I have been looking for these five years. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, come to the bower I have shaded for thee,"

So sang a fair maiden as fair as could be,
And he came with a heart welling up to the brim.
And sat in the bower she had shaded for him.
But he sat down, alas, on a half-concealed nest,
Wherein some tired hornets were taking their rest.
And though it was something uncommonly big
To see those tired hornets forget their fatigue,
'Twas bigger to see, as he felt where he rose,
How he wiped up the ground with his new Sunday clothes.

"WHEN we are old, Claude, we shall still be lovers," she said, gazing into his eyes with the rapture of a gifted woman who writes poetry for the Boston papers. "The warm hue of our youthful affection shall never fade, but only grow brighter as we draw nearer to the sunset. We shall sit out in the hush of the summer eves and feed our souls on the poetry of the stars, shall we not?" "Well, hardly," answered Claude, "unless you want me to remain up till daybreak basting your old back with arnica." Then she bit off a fresh chunk of chewing gum, and the only sound that broke the silence was the crunching of her gold-plugged molars.

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A YANKEE BLUEBEARD.

It has been truthfully said that there is no meaner form of crime against human life than that of the poisoner. His offense is a slinking, skulking, dastardly one, cruel and soulless as a serpent's. The vilest and most cowardly miscreants the hangman has had to deal with have been those who ascended the gibbet from poisoning their fellow creatures.

In May, 1861, at Dedham, Mass., the Supreme Judicial Court of that State sat in judgment on one of the lowest of those wretches who degrade even the chronicles of crime, George C. Hersey.

Hersey was a native of Hingham, 5 miles from Weymouth, Mass. His parents were people of eminent respectability. He married early to a beautiful young woman who died suddenly a little more than a year after her marriage with him. There is every reason to believe that he accelerated her end with poison.

Hersey was a shoe manufacturer and carried on business in Weymouth. After his wife's death he cast about him for another spouse.

His eye, unfortunately for her, rested on Betsey Frances Tirrell, daughter of Wilson Tirrell, a highly respected citizen of Weymouth. Wilson Tirrell had two unmarried and one married daughter besides Betsey Frances, and a son, Wilton Tirrell, Jr. They were a pleasant family, well liked by everyone.

Previous to paying serious attention to Betsey Frances Tirrell, Hersey had done a little courting in an experimental way to find the family out, as he put it, to her sister Mary. Mary, however, viewed these attentions seriously and gave it out that they were to be married. When Hersey expostulated with her for this she answered defiantly that she meant it, and made allusions to lawsuits and damages.

Hersey, who was heartily tired of her, was in a quandary. He treated her with the utmost politeness when he was with her, but was constantly scheming to rid himself of a burden which was becoming obnoxious.

Finally, in December, 1859, he took Mary to a church fair and treated her to ice cream in a quiet nook. She ate the cream but complained that it was sour. That night she was taken suddenly and violently ill and, on the second day of January, 1860, after an illness of less than a week, died.

During the sickness of Mary the poisoner, from his intimate relations with her and supposed interest in her welfare, was invited to her father's house and became her bedside attendant and watched beside her till her death. In this afflicted and bereaved family the prisoner was looked upon as one bowed in sorrow under the afflicting hand which had so suddenly torn from him his loved and affianced bride; so much so that the parents, brother and sisters of the deceased deeply sympathized with him and claimed him as one of their own household.

Mr. Tirrell offered him a place in his house and family as long as it should be agreeable to him to accept the same, and he availed himself of this kind and considerate offer, so that even before Mary's funeral he became an inmate of the father's home.

During this period Hersey and the sister of his betrothed were much in each other's society. He had long had a lecherous eye on Betsey Frances. Now he cultivated his opportunity.

She mourned a beloved sister, younger than herself, who had been her companion and care from early childhood. He also appeared to mourn her loss and their sympathy seemed well to comport with the relation of brother and sister. They were seldom in society, but attended church together both day and evening, though not often unattended.

They were often enough unattended, however, to make a criminal intimacy between them possible. Hersey seduced her, as it was afterward discovered he had seduced her dead sister. Their amour continued until the unfortunate girl found herself in the way of becoming a mother.

She was constantly urging her lover to marry her and he was constantly promising to do so. But the date was deferred and deferred and her position became daily a more threatening and unendurable one.

At this juncture Hersey visited Dr. Frederick Morrill, in Boston, and desired him to effect an abortion on a young woman of his acquaintance.

This the doctor refused to do. Hersey then tried to pump him as to the means of bringing an abortion about, but the doctor divined his purpose and refused to be pumped.

Then Hersey asked him to sell him some strychnine to kill a dog with. The doctor told him he did not keep poison for sale and ordered him out of the office. Hersey went to an apothecary's shop, where he bought some strychnine, as he said, to make away with a dog.

Shortly after this, Betsey Frances Tirrell became sick. She was not violently ill but had spells of indisposition. One afternoon she went out for a drive with her sister Louisa and Hersey to fetch her step-mother home from a visit to South Weymouth. They all came home in the carriage together, and arrived there about eight o'clock. The rest is best told in the testimony of Mrs. Tirrell, the step-mother, at the trial. She said:

"We were in the habit of retiring about nine o'clock, and, about that time, Frances got up and went to the stairs, and turned back, and asked, 'What are you going to have for the breakfast in the morning?' We took turns in getting the breakfast, and that was her morning. Mr. Tirrell and myself went up stairs, after I had wound the clock and fastened the doors. Frances went up the back stairs; we were all in the habit of going up that way. There had never been any other persons members of the family since Mary's death. The next thing I heard, after going to my chamber, was some one hallooing, and I thought it was Louisa. She hollered twice, and then there was a dreadful screech, or something—I don't know how to describe it. I raised my head, and said to Mr. Tirrell, 'What is that?' and at that moment Mr. Hersey came, and opened the door, and said, 'Frances is in a fit, or something,' and we all ran to her room as soon as we could. Mr. Hersey went ahead, Mr. Tirrell next, I followed. I should not think it more than twenty minutes after we went up stairs.

"Mr. Tirrell said, 'Frances, what is the matter?' and she said, 'I shall die! I shall die!' She said it twice. Mr. Tirrell said, 'Rub her! rub her!' and I took the lower limbs and he took one of her arms. They were very rigid. I asked her father to go for an aunt of hers, Mrs. Vining, a near neighbor of ours, and he went as quick as he could. I kept on rubbing her arms. She seemed to groan two or three times, and then she seemed to come out of her fit somewhat, and said, 'Give me some physic.' Mrs. Vining, who is a sister of Mr. Tirrell, had got there then. I said, 'The doctor will be here in a few minutes.' I think Mr. Hersey had left the room to go for him, and I don't know but he had gone. I asked her, 'Are you in great distress, Frances?' and she said, 'Yes.' I asked her if she was sick at her stomach, and she made some answer, but I cannot tell what she said, and then she went into another fit. She was lying on her left side, and her head was hanging out of the bed some; she was very stiff, and appeared like a person in a fit; she seemed to look up at me, when she came out of the fit, and move her eyes. Her arms twitched during the fits; I don't know about the other parts of her body. As soon as Mrs. Vining came, I asked to have water heated; we were going to put her into a warm bath. I went down to a poulitice for her stomach. Several persons had come into the house in the mean time. I had made a mustard poulitice. I don't know how long I was about making that, but it was only a short time. When I was carrying it up stairs I saw Dr. Howe behind me and stepped back for him to go into the room and he pronounced her dead."

In consequence of the suspicious character of the death an examination was made. Traces of poison were found in preserves the dead girl had eaten, and it was discovered that Hersey had given them to her. His actions were so suspicious that an autopsy was ordered. The pregnancy of his victim was discovered as well as traces of strychnine in her stomach. Hersey was thereupon arrested.

He was tried, found guilty and hanged. He confessed the murder of Betsey Frances, but denied that of Mary Tirrell and his wife. Nevertheless, poison was found in their bodies, which were exhumed for examination, and at about the time of each death he was discovered to have purchased strychnine in Boston, so that there can be no reasonable doubt that he was responsible for their deaths too.

As a Boston paper remarked in commenting on the tragedies at the time, "George C. Hersey only lacked the opportunity to be a full fledged bluebeard—as it was he made an excellent beginning, if we may be permitted to take a satanic view of it."

It is a satanic view, indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No. 15 of Great Crimes and Criminals will contain a sketch of the crimes of two of the most famous boy assassins who ever found vent for their precocious ferocity in the United States.

MISS ELIZABETH SWEENEY, the daughter of a wealthy farmer of Holy Cross, Dubuque county, Iowa, has brought suit against James C. Corrigan, a young merchant of Dubuque city, for seduction, claiming \$10,000 damages. The couple had "kept company" for seven years, and the complainant states that one time within the past year, when she was stopping at a hotel in Dubuque, Corrigan visited her, and passed the night with her, after promising to marry her.

CHEAP ENOUGH.

A Cow and Two Dollars the Price Fixed For a Wife—The Sale not Consummated, However.

One Billings, a Tarport, Pa., milk vender, made a rather strange purchase from another resident of the place named Delmage, a few days ago. Billings, Delmage and the latter's wife were sitting under Delmage's vine and fig tree in the cool of the evening enjoying a period of rest. Billings is well advanced in years and a widower. Delmage started the milk vender by stating that in view of the fact that he was wifeless he would dispose of his better half if satisfactory terms could be arranged. Billings laughed and observed to Delmage that he was talking nonsense. Delmage, however, assured the milkman that he was as serious in this matter as anything he ever did in his life. Billings still regarded the other's remarks lightly. Delmage became so earnest in tone and expression that the milk vender inclined his ear more attentively to what was proposed.

"Would the woman suit you as a wife?" asked Delmage.

Billings eyed her rather narrowly and declared that he could certainly offer no objection in that respect at least.

"Very well, what will you give for her?" inquired Delmage.

Billings thought it was foolish to continue such a senseless conversation. He said that it would be a violation of law; that the woman would never consent to such a strange procedure, that Delmage was merely twitting him on his unmarried condition, and such a sale being out of all reason they had better end the silly tale.

Delmage again declared his sincerity in the matter, assured Billings to his surprise that the woman was perfectly willing to submit to the transfer, and that the outraged law would find no person to make complaint.

The woman having heard the progress of negotiations, and offering no objection, the milkman asked her if she had no scruples against the sale and being assured that she had not, he listened more seriously to a further question from Delmage as to what he would offer in return for the woman. Billings replied that he could place no price on such curious property.

"Will you give me one of the best cows in your dairy?" asked Delmage.

Billings thought he would.

"And two dollars in money," added Delmage.

The milkman nodded an assent. Delmage then proposed that the terms of the sale be reduced to writing, that no misunderstanding might arise, and both affixed thereto their sign-manuals.

A Tarporter having a knowledge of drawing up agreements that are flawless and binding, was next visited and made acquainted with the conditions of the transfer. The contract was neatly and carefully written out and duly signed. By the terms of the agreement Billings was to pay for the drawing of the paper \$1, and deliver to Delmage the cow and \$2 the following day. Delmage, on the other hand, was to place the woman in Billings' house before 12 o'clock midnight of the subsequent day.

The milk vender drove a fine cow up to Delmage's house at the appointed time and handed over the additional \$2 with a cheerful spirit. Delmage declared that he would fill his part of the contract with the same promptness on the next day. It came. Night was reached, but Delmage had not yet presented himself or the property. Billings did not despair, however, and sat in silent expectancy until the clock's hands met at 12 midnight. He then decided that he had been deceived, and retired very little older, but a much wiser man. The next day he called upon Delmage in high indignation and demanded the return of his cow and money.

Delmage explained that at the last hour the woman refused to submit to the transfer, although he was perfectly willing. He declared his willingness to refund the cow, but absolutely refused to restore the money. Billings drove the cow home, and in all probability did some very vigorous ruminating by the way. He was short three dollars in money, and had lost an inestimable amount in his opinion of himself.

FRAUD IN MURDER.

The Latest Racket of Western Bullwhackers.

We have always looked for deceit and sham in the well dressed classes, among bankers and millionaires, while having implicit faith in the honesty and simplicity of the Western professional murderer. Recently, however, in a New Mexico mining town two boon companions have been playing a game which, to speak mildly, is of the sneakiest kind. One would enter a saloon and for half an hour nervously walk the floor. At the end of that time his friend would enter, when they would glare at each other, utter a few commonplace mining phrases, draw their revolvers and open fire at a point about a foot above each other's head. The congregation would disperse without waiting for the benediction and one of the shooters would dodge behind the bar, evidently for a barricade, and nestle alongside

the crouching bar-tender who, when a bullet came within an inch or two of his head, would naturally seek the open air for its well known life-giving properties. Then would ensue a life and death struggle between the two men behind the bar and the first demijohn they would get hold of. After a while they would emerge from the saloon door, vow that they would secure a supply of ammunition and shoot each other on sight and then go away to experience the beneficial effects of the bath they had taken internally. When it gets so there is fraud in murder things are getting pretty bad.

STAGE-STRUCK LOUISVILLE GIRLS.

An Epidemic Which Promises to Throw the Country in Dramatic Hysterics.

A terrible epidemic is speeding over Louisville, Ky., and unless it is soon brought under control may be attended with the most deplorable results. One-half the girls of that city are stage-struck—stark, staring stage-struck. Hundreds of residences have been converted into amateur play houses, where would-be female stars tear their hair, and rave and split the air with their arms and stalk majestically across imaginary stages to the imaginary music of imaginary orchestras, and amid bursts of imaginary applause and showers of imaginary bouquets. In the dry goods stores young ladies rush up to the counters with inspiration dropping from their eyes in great hunks and in hollow tones command the affrightened clerk to:

"Haste thee, cringing vassal; pr-r-r-r-rodude and br-r-r-r-ling into our pr-r-r-r-essence thy 65-cent hose!"

In the ice cream saloons the maidens shove the cooling cream into their lovely mouths and sweetly murmur to their escorts:

"Now, by me faith, Orlando, but is't not a nectar fit for the gods? Speak, me beloved, is't not a dainty dish that graces our festal board?"

And practical Orlando replies:

"I bet you."

On the street car the maiden stalks forward toward the driver and howls:

"What, ho, there, charioteer, give me, I pray thee, diminutive coin for this one dollar bond an' I will upon the instant requite thee for thy services upon this journey."

When one of them catches a flea she holds the victim at arms' length and roars:

"Ha-a-a-a! I have thee at last, vile craven. For many nights thy visits to me chamber have br-r-r-ought unrest. Now at la-a-st thou art in me clutches and I will shower vengeance upon thy thr-r-ice accursed head. Die, vile ingr-rate, and may the seething fires of perdition engulf thy quivering soul forever-r-r-r!"

Then she opens her fingers a little to get a good squeeze at him and the flea hops out and goes home to tell its folks about it.

They have got it bad and none of the old established methods of treatment seem to avail.

QUITE A DILEMMA.

How a Favorite London Actress Faced Three Husbands.

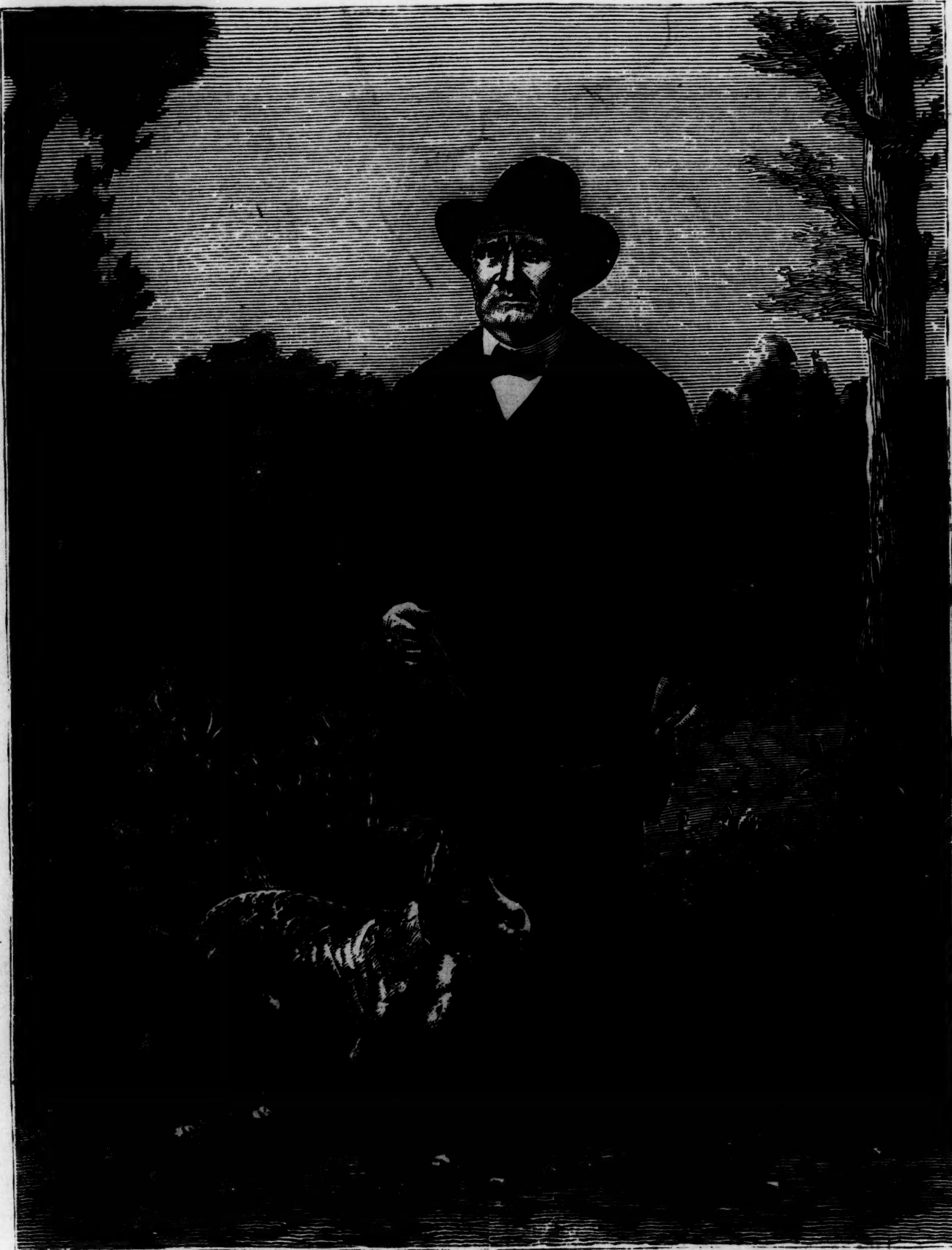
Says a London correspondent: "The true glory of the Lyceum Theatre is that English Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Ellen Terry. This blue-eyed, blonde-locked, Saxon siren is not a radiant beauty as was the ill-fated Adelaide Neilson, but she is something better—she is a charmeuse, as the French call any one possessing that peculiar feminine—which she exercises so powerfully—magnetism. She is the most graceful, and withal the most naturally graceful, woman that I have ever seen. The little movements and artistic attitudes of Sarah Bernhardt would seem forced and artificial beside that unborn charm and harmony of gesture, unstudied and perfect as the ripple of tall grasses or the swaying of the branches of a weeping willow beneath a summer breeze. She is pure womanly, every inch of her. She cannot be awkward, even when she tries; and I saw her try the other night in 'The Belle's Stratagem'; but instead of transforming Letitia Handy into a country hoyden in accordance with the text, she only succeeded in assuming a pretty espioglerie that, had I been Doricourt, would have driven me to catch her straightway in my arms and kiss her, declaring that she was charming anyhow. Off the stage I am told that she is quite as fascinating as when before the footlights. She has proved the extent of her power of enchantment by successfully winning and wedding three husbands, all of whom are still living, divorce and not death having released her from two of them. In fact, it is reported that while walking in the Grosvenor Gallery recently, with her present spouse, Mr. Kelly, she came face to face with her two former husbands, who were promenading there together, and that the only embarrassed personage of the quartette was Mr. Kelly; and they do say that the law will soon be called into requisition to break the bonds that unite her to her present spouse, and that she will then become the wife of a prominent English actor. Truly this wonderful and interesting lady ought to inscribe on her wedding-ring the motto said to have been adopted by the old Countess of Desmond on the occasion of her fourth marriage:

If I survive
I'll have five."

Charles Lloyd, "Cockney Charley," and His Dog Pilot, Etc.

In this issue we publish a picture of Charles Lloyd, better known as "Cockney Charley," the most experienced dog-fancier in the world. He is a native of England and is well posted in the breeding and matching of fighting dogs. The picture represents the noted sport with his champion dog Pilot by his side.

Pilot is said by excellent judges to be the best fighting bull-dog in the world. He has a bad disposition at times and not even Charley can approach him. The dog is a great pet of Mrs. Lloyd's and when he is in his tantrums he will allow no one else but her to feed and attend him. Cockney Charley has another great dog, Paddy, which is said to be just as renowned as Pilot. The pair are the two best in America and anyone possessing fighting dogs weighing 27 and 27 1-2 lbs., that think they can whip either Pilot or Paddy in a fair scratch-in-turn fight, can win a small fortune. Pilot is a brindle and white dog, fighting weight 27 lbs., and was bred by Mr. John Holden, of the Red Lion Inn, Park Street, Walsall, Eng., and is now 2 1/4 years old and was got by Mr. R. Small's dog Billy, of Sedgley, out of Tom Darby's bitch Kit, and Billy's father was from Lane Billy out of Tom Parson's bitch Beauty, and Beauty was out of Fred Reeve's bitch Tet, and Tet was got by Fred Reeve's dog Joey, and Joey was got by Joseph Insley's bear dog; the bear dog was bred by Sam Cooper, of W. Hampton, out of Sam Cooper's bitch Lady, and Lady was bred by Frank Evans, of Willenhall, and was got by Sam Cooper's dog Captain, and he was bred by Frank Evans, of Willenhall, and his fighting weight was 31 1/2 lbs. Beat Philip Lantern's dog, of Sedgley, for £25 a side; beat John Woolley's dog, of Manchester, at 33 1/2 lbs., for £50 a side; beat George Rowley's dog, Toby, of Wednesbury, at 36 lbs., weight for £25 a side; beat John Woolley's dog, of Manchester, at 35 lbs., weight for £50 a side; beat James Halford's dog Gallus, of Hall Green, near Bilston, at 34 lbs., weight for £30 to £20 in stake



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

CHARLES LLOYD,

BETTER KNOWN AS "COCKNEY CHARLEY," AND HIS CELEBRATED FIGHTING DOG PILOT.

Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

and £110 to £50 in a bet, and the same Captain took first prize twice in the dog show at Birmingham.

Cockney Charley, to prove that he has the best fighting dog in the world, issues the following proclamation:

"142 W. 30TH ST., N. Y.
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York—
SIR: I, Charley Lloyd, better known the world over as Cockney Charley, recently read a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE from a Louisville sport in which he offers to match the fighting dog "Crib" against any dog in the world for \$5,000 a side, at 28 lbs. I will match my dog Pilot to fight Crib at 27 1-2 lbs. weight for the above sum or as much as they like, and will allow reasonable expenses to fight in New York, and if that won't suit them I will go to England and fight for \$5,000 a side, each to pay his own expenses. Mr. Fox to be final stake-holder and to appoint a referee, and the expenses to be paid by the winner. Deposit is sent to Mr. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and articles to Cockney Charley, 142 West 30th st., N. Y., will meet with prompt attention.

"COCKNEY CHARLEY,
"(Signed), Per G. Holden."
We have also received the following challenge, which explains itself:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, N. Y.:
"303 Sheffield Road, Louisville, Ky.—I wish to announce that I will enter a main of dogs into a contest as follows: One dog of 32; one of 28 and one of 18 pounds, against any three dogs of similar weight in America, for \$250 a side in each fight and \$1,000 on the odd fight—the main to take place at or near this city within 7 weeks after articles of agreement are signed. Any person or persons desiring to accept this challenge will be allowed fair expenses for bringing their dogs to this city and return. The Turf Exchange of this city to be stake-holder.
Resp'y,
"LOUIS KREIGER."

A Sparking Matinee Spoiled.

A hungry alligator is no respecter of persons or occasions, as a young couple at St. Johns, Fla., have good reason to know. They went one afternoon to have a love tete-a-tete far from "the madding crowd." Seating



TWO'S A COMPANY, THREE A CROWD.

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR WHO BROKE UP A LOVE FEAST BETWEEN A YOUNG COUPLE ON THE BANKS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, FLA.



PRECARIOUS PISTOL PRACTICE.

TAKING BIG CHANCES FOR THE DISPLAY OF A LITTLE SKILL—A DANGEROUS YOUNG WOMAN TO TRIFLE WITH.



THE REWARD OF INFIDELITY.

HOW THE INDIANS OF YUMA, CAL., PUNISH UNFAITHFUL SQUAWS.

themselves under large tree on the bank of the St. Johns river, they were soon deep in love's communion. With his arm encircling his sweetheart's waist the ardent swain was pouring into the happy maid love's tender tale, when a third party, in the shape of a gigantic alligator, made his appearance. He was in search of a meal and suddenly had concluded to get it out of the couple. They made lively tracks and will henceforth do their sparking elsewhere.

An Absconder.

Elias Henry Willey, agent of the American Express Company, absconded from Sac City, Iowa, May 11, taking with him seven hundred dollars of the Company's funds. He is about 36 years old, 5 feet 4 inches in height, light complexion, dark brown hair, moustache and chin whiskers same color, blue eyes, lame in left leg, same being several inches shorter than the other, right leg crooked below the knee, and walks with a cane. Wore soft felt hat and dark striped coat when he left. The last heard from him was on the Chicago & Northwestern train bound east, at Dixon, Ill. Is a printer by trade, and may be found working at same. If found, or any information concerning him, telegraph at once to W. J. Hancock, Supt. American Express Company, Council Bluffs, Iowa.



ELIAS H. WILLEY,

ABSCONDED FROM SAC CITY, IA., WITH \$700.

A Thief and Coward.

Thos. Pickett, alias Big Tom, was formerly a member of Billy the Kid's gang of desperadoes, but on several occasions where nerve and pluck were necessary to successfully accomplish some piece of villainy, proved lacking in these qualities. Billy therefore fired him out of the band, and since that time he has been in the Southern part of New Mexico stealing cattle and committing other depredations. The authorities are on the lookout for him, and if they catch him will soon end his career.

Punishing Recreant Squaws.

Considerable attention was attracted one day last week by the doing of some Papago Indians belonging to the rancharia in the neighborhood of Yuma, Cal. It seems that one of their squaws had deserted. She refused to return, and they fastened one end of a lariat to her wrists, the other end to a horn of a saddle on the back of an Indian pony, and dragged her along the ground, while others following stoning her.



TOM PICKETT,

AN EX-MEMBER OF BILLY LEROT'S BAND.

Mormonism in Pennsylvania.

There is a Mormon church in Scranton, Pa. It is not large, but makes up in firmness what it lacks in magnitude. This church was planted twenty years ago by a missionary from Wales. It has as complete an organization as the church at Salt Lake City. Eedras Howell, an illiterate little Welsh grocer, having from the beginning been its president. There are but twelve resident members, and, for fear of awakening opposition, no public meetings are now held, though ten years ago very open efforts to proselyte were made. The meetings are all private and are held at the houses of the members. The Mormons of Scranton do not practice polygamy, but send their converts as speedily as possible to Utah. They use the Scranton organization as a sort of recruiting station. There are branches at Plymouth Plains, Nanticoke, and several other places in the coal regions. There are a number of missionaries in different parts of the state. These missionaries work slowly but diligently at their work of proselyting. The converts are mostly Welsh, although Scotchmen and Germans are sometimes roped in, with here and there one of American birth. The residents of the place regard the little colony with contempt, and long for their departure.



A LUNCH WITH FATHER NEPTUNE.

THE WAGER BY WHICH A WATERING PLACE BELLE ADDED TO HER STOCK OF DIAMONDS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Killed Her Seducer.

George W. Coles, a book-keeper employed in Harry Miner's theatre, was shot and mortally wounded on the evening of the 19th inst., at Broome street and the Bowery, by Elizabeth Coleman, a married woman of No. 82 Catharine street, who accused Coles of having caused her ruin. They had met so quietly and were standing so close together when the shot was fired, that the bystanders all thought Coles had shot himself. With this impression they and a policeman turned their attention only to him as he staggered toward the bar-room of the theatre.

The woman was left to herself, but she seemed scarcely to know what use to make of her liberty. She first crossed Broome street and walked toward Chrystie, then returning to the Bowery walked down to Grand street and again turning east, walked to the corner of Chrystie street where policeman Edward Quirk was standing.

"I want to give myself up," she said to the policeman. "I have just shot a man in Harry Miner's theatre. Here is the pistol I shot him with." Drawing it from her pocket, she handed it to the officer and continued: "It was George Coles. He got me intoxicated and ruined me, and when confronted by my husband told him all. To-day my husband applied for a divorce and the custody of my four children. I could not live if they took my children away from me. The youngest is only eighteen months. I thought I was justified in the shooting, and I am not sorry. I sent to him in the theatre, and he met me on the corner, when he admitted to me that he had told my husband all. I shot him. My husband was on his shoulder when I fired and I held the pistol close against his body."

The woman then walked with Quirk to the Eldridge-street Station. As she told this story at the station-house, she approached the desk, and of her own accord said to Sergeant Dahlgren: "I shot a man in Miner's Theatre. He betrayed me and I shot him." She was a large woman, good-looking and of fine figure. She was dressed in a calico wrapper, and had a dark shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders. Her hat was a broad-brimmed brown straw. She was conducted to the prison at once without any questioning. She preserved her coolness and apparent unconcern. Shortly afterward her husband came to the station, but did not see his wife.

His story agreed with hers as to her relations with Coles and the divorce proceedings. He declined to give his own first name or to talk about himself, but he is said to be the captain of a vessel in the West India trade. He displayed no emotion when he learned of the shooting, and soon left the station-house.

The injured man was removed to the Chambers-street Hospital, where the ball was found to have penetrated the abdominal cavity about an inch to the right of the median line. No hopes were entertained other than a fatal result.

Mrs. Coleman was taken to the hospital by Captain Allaire and Detective Wade, and was fully identified by Coles. As she entered the room in which he lay he put up his hands and exclaimed: "Take that woman away!"

"Do you know her?" was asked.

"Yes, I know her; she shot me," he replied.

"Yes," she exclaimed, looking coolly upon him. "I did it, and he deserved it."

After Coles, exhausted by the loss of blood, was conveyed to the Chambers street Hospital, he soon regained much strength and was continually conscious, seeming to suffer little. The hospital physicians, however, were convinced from the first that the wound would prove a mortal one, and hence did not deem it wise to inflict unnecessary torture upon the stricken man. Asking the doctors for their opinion of his "prospects of a speedy recovery" he was assured that the outlook was far from encouraging, but he laughed their assertions to scorn and said, with emphasis, that his time to die was set a year distant. His opinions were further in conflict with the physicians as to the advisability of probing for the bullet. He desired active measures taken at once for the bullet's removal and exhibited strong evidences of disappointment because his requests were denied. He talked much, but was willing to say nothing of consequence touching his relations with Mrs. Coleman, though several times he was induced by queries to spiritily aver that he had never known she was another's wife; she had made other representations to him, and his conscience was clear, he claimed, of all guilt.

He died on the evening of the 20th inst. His ante-mortem deposition concerning the affair was as follows:

"I was in Harry Miner's Theatre at about 9:30 on Tuesday night. I asked Mr. Moore to relieve me at the ticket office. I then went to the balcony, when a young man of light complexion, about twenty-two years old, came to me and said a lady wanted to see me. I asked him who she was. He said he did not know. He said he was not with her. She wanted to see me alone corner of Broome and Bowery. I went there. She said, 'My husband knows it all,' and fired. I said nothing to her previous to her firing. The whole affair did not occupy more than a few moments. I was shot in the

abdomen. I said I was shot, and asked some one to go after the woman. I called for help. Her name is Eliza or Liza Coleman. I was acquainted with her for the past five months, but had not seen her to speak to her for two months. Her husband came to me on Saturday and asked me if I had seen Lizzie. I said no. He then asked me if I knew where he could find her. He added that he was convinced she was a bad woman. I told him I had nothing to do with his wife, but that he might find her at Bob Lang's, in Chrystie street. I was not acquainted with Mr. Coleman before. The woman represented herself to me as being single. I had a suspicion that she was married the last time I visited her at her house, and on that account I did not visit her again. She lived at No. 86 Catharine street. I had visited her before two or three times. Had I known that she was married I would not have visited her. I became acquainted with her in the theatre. I never gave her any strong drink nor drugged her. Never visited her in Sixth avenue, and the only place I went with her was to the Astor Place Hotel, with the exception of her house in Catharine street."

The Coroner's clerk read to the sufferer the statement, and as evidence of his satisfaction with the document, he took the pen and boldly appended his signature, still declaring that the Coroner had taken his trouble for nothing, inasmuch as he was certain of recovery. A little later he was dead.

A Lunch With Father Neptune.

Quite a novel wager was decided at or rather in sight of one of our great watering places last week. Among the guests at that resort are a gentleman and lady of wealth and culture, both well known and popular in our highest society, who rank among the most famous athletes on the continent. Their common devotion to this class of amusement has cemented the ordinary bonds of social acquaintance into a very warm friendship. A particularly notable accomplishment with them is swimming, and they exercise it daily in one another's company. They are as much at home in the water, almost, as the fish who populate that, their native element. Some of their feats at long distance swimming and endurance, undertaken in a spirit of generous emulation, border on the marvellous.

In the course of a conversation on the verandah of their hotel one evening their natural powers came up for discussion and someone remarked, "Well, Miss X, there is one thing, at least, beyond your powers."

"What is that?" demanded Miss X.

"You cannot enjoy a champagne lunch half a mile off shore, without doing it on a boat," was the reply.

"Pshaw!" responded Miss X. "I'll do it a mile off shore, with Mr. Y. to help me clear the dishes. You needn't laugh; I mean it, and if you think I don't, I am willing to wager my solitaires against that cluster on your finger that I can do what I say."

This was regarded as the merest bravado, and the bet was made. Contrary to general expectation the fair mermaid did not weaken. At noon next day, when everyone supposed the wager would be declared off by her, Miss X. and Mr. Y. departed gracefully from the beach, cheered by a vast crowd. They swam side by side. A boat accompanied them, carrying the lunch. The swimmers, with a roguish expression on their faces, made directly for a huge can buoy anchored about a mile off shore, as a guide to the steamers which landed at the pier. They gained this spot, calmly climbed up on the comfortable resting-place it afforded them, and commanded the people in the boat to produce the lunch to which they did ample justice, amid the cheers of the distant throng ashore.

Mr. Z. groaned at heart when he surrendered his \$1,000 cluster, but the device was within the rules of honorable betting. No one could deny that Miss X. had lunched a mile off shore, without getting into a boat to do it, so the wager was won. What share Mr. Y. got of it we are not told. As there is a rumor afloat that Miss X. will change her name in his favor next fall, however, we may assume that he is anticipating that contingency when all they own or win shall form a common pool for the benefit of Mr. Y. and wife.

Courtesy Gone Mad.

When Sir Walter Raleigh spread his rich cloak in a fuddle to keep Queen Elizabeth's—if the chroniclers are honest, by no means dainty—feet dry, he was regarded as having performed an act of supreme gentlemanhood. Poor Sir Walter went out of the world some centuries ago, a head shorter for all his gallantry, but he has found successors in all climes and eras. The latest of them turned up last week at Long Branch.

He was a young man, a very young man, and there was something about him that suggested that he would be benefited by a long sojourn in a salt mine. His attire was of the newest and the gayest, his low cut shoes the daintiest, his linen the whitest and his diamonds the brightest the most exacting belle could demand in her boss beau. In this guise he aired himself upon the beach, exciting wonder and admiration among all the ladies, and such is the weakness of poor human nature, contempt among the men.

While he was thus amusing himself, one of those summer showers which amuse them-

selves at the expense of lawn dresses and other feminine finery began to descend. The bathers in the sea struck out for shore and our gay young man hoisted his natty umbrella. As he did so he desecrated a lady of his acquaintance who had been bathing making for the beach. The sight touched the soul of this modern Raleigh. Regardless of consequences he rushed into the surf, and leaning on his arm the dripping beauty emerged, protected from the wet overhead, all smiles and gratitude.

A thunder of applause gratified our young man as he led his charmer up the beach to her bathing-house. It had cost him his best suit to win that ovation, but as he has not been heard to complain we may assume that he does not regret his bargain.

The Nautch Dancers.

Dancing is an universal amusement. Even the Turk, who is too lazy to trip the light fantastic toe himself, hires his less fortunate country women to do the tripping for him. The Tartar devours his banquets of rare horseflesh, roasted in the coals, and augments the pleasures of the table by watching the movements of his dancing women; the grave disciple of Confucius and his more merry neighbor of the Japanese isles, have alike their national dances; in the heart of Africa savage potentates feast their eyes upon their rude slave ballets as civilized sovereigns enjoy the intervals at the grand opera, and in India the dignified worshippers of Brahma find the same sensual pleasure in observing the Nautch dancers as their conquerors have described in every book of travel they have given to the world.

The Nautch dancers were known only to travelers, and through travelers' tales to the world at large until a year or so ago. Then an enterprising New York theatrical manager introduced the American play-goer to that performance which literature had invested with such a charm. This entertainment imported from the sumptuous Orient drew crowds to the Broadway theatre, where it was given, and Nautch dancing, thanks to popular approbation, became a feature of the American stage.

Nautch dancing, to be appreciated, must be seen for itself. It would be presumptuous for us to undertake to describe it in words; as presumptuous as the task of painting the pure loveliness of the fly with a pen and ink, or attempting to add by tame description to the glories of the sun. Our artist has shown the Nautch girls in one of the many fascinating phases of their singular dance. To his skillful pencil our stylus can add nothing and we leave his work to speak for itself.

Jealousy's Gymnastics.

A favorite among the many popular resorts of Cincinnati is the Hilltop House. Perched on its verandah the pleasure seekers of the gay western city quaff their special weakness in the way of beverages and enjoy themselves generally as people who go out to eat, drink, and make merry ought to do. Among these, lately, has been a well known business man, famous for his gay proclivities, and a lady of much grace and beauty, but less remarkable modesty, upon whom he has been showering favors he had better bestow at home.

The lady who presides over that home in legalized wedlock not long ago became cognizant of her spouse's irregularities and was not long in learning that the Hilltop House was a favorite loafing place of an afternoon for her faithless hubby and his light of love. She constituted herself a committee of one, with full powers to investigate, and finally succeeded in tracing her uncertain lord and his paramour to the Hilltop, where they ensconced themselves in a corner of the balcony. The deceived wife, not daring to follow them into the hotel with the certainty of immediate recognition, put in practice an art learned when she was so young that her elder brothers had considered it no harm to teach her to climb. While fickle hubby poured his tale of love into her rival's ear the wife, by a vigorous system of light gymnastics brought herself within earshot and gathered sufficient information to warrant her immediate application for divorce. To this day the husband does not know how she obtained the information she fled against him. "She can't have dreamed it," he says, "but she couldn't have it straighter if I had given it to her myself. It's magic, that's what it is."

So it is. The magic of feminine ingenuity and a powerful pair of legs for climbing verandah posts.

A Strange Bed-Fellow.

A skeleton always forms an excellent outline for a sensation, and so it proved the other day when one of Janeville's, N. Y., young valiants was fooling with a pair of embryonic doctors. It was resolved by a young man about town to play a joke on one of the medical students in the town. Calling to his aid in confidence the young doctor's chum, he secured possession of a skeleton, daubed its eye-sockets with phosphorus that they might send forth ghastly glances, and snugly tucked it in the young doctor's bed, covering it carefully with the quilts and hiding it from sight until the young doctor should turn back the clothes to get into bed. The plan worked well. The young doctor came to his room, and

as was his wont, sat by the window for a time, enjoying a smoke and meditating in the dim light thrown into the room by a friendly lamp-post across the street. His smoke ended, his meditation over, he started for that bed. The young man, with a group of friends, was waiting and listening in the adjoining room for developments, and as they heard him step across the room they held their breath and strained their ears to catch the first sound of fright. They had not long to wait. A loud shriek was heard—"Holy Moses"—together with the sound of a man falling. A dead silence followed, and for a minute or two the listeners waited for some sound of life, while the remembrance of cases where fright had caused death or insanity, flashed before their eyes. At last one exclaimed, "He's fainted," another cried, "He's dead," and a grand rush was made through the door. As they entered they found the victim of the joke not swooned or dead, but sitting doubled up on the floor, half dead with fright.

John Chinaman on a "Hurrah."

The loungers at Coney Island were last week treated to quite a fascinating novelty, even for that scene of many novelties: nothing less than a real, able-bodied, high-toned Mongolian spree. Driving down from Brooklyn in their equipage came two swell Chinamen, attaches of the Imperial Embassy to this country, it is said, in company with a couple of the fair but frail belles of the metropolitan demi monde. The party were on the best of terms with one another. The silks of the festive disciples of Confucius vied with those of their feminine companions in splendor, and the men and women were ablaze with a costly profusion of jewels. They lunched at one of the great hotels, where private apartments had been secured in advance for them, and started for the city in the afternoon, well supplied with champagne for the journey, which they made no scruple of publicly consuming. The whole spectacle was an admirable illustration of the facility with which the moon-eyed Celestial adapts himself to American ways. The general verdict was that no New York sport could have done it better; a verdict that embodies a compliment, indeed.

Treeing a Burglar.

Keneth Snedeker, a man well advanced in years, who lives near Livingston Park, N. J., returned home late at night. He found a window sash removed on the lower floor and other evidences of a visit by burglars. Stealthily entering his house he secured his shot gun and hearing a noise up-stairs he called out:

"Whoever is up there come down or I'll shoot!"

He heard the sound of feet rushing across the floor and then heard two men jump out of a window. He ran to the door and fired at them. One staggered and fell and the other ran away. The man who fell jumped up and disappeared in the darkness. Mr. Snedeker untied his dog and put it on the trail. The dog ran in the direction of the city and the old man kept up as well as he could, following the sound of the dog's yelps. Pretty soon he came up to the dog squatted under a maple tree, in the top branches of which was the burglar. Being threatened with the gun he surrendered, was tied with a rope, brought to the city and locked up. He gave the name of William Barr.

Mollie Schultz and the Catamount.

Miss Mollie Schultz, of Montague county, Texas, is the champion lady shot of that section. She is ready with a rifle or a shot-gun, and handles the pistol with great skill. Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by a gentleman friend, she mounted her mustang and rode into the woods to kill some squirrels for supper. They met with good luck, and almost every shot brought down a bunny. Her companion had killed two more than she had, and she was beginning to feel somewhat piqued over being outdone when they both spied a large catamount in the topmost branches of a tall tree. Eager to beat his companion, he fired three shots in rapid succession at it, missing it each time, when Miss Schultz fired her first and only shot, which took effect. The animal sprang from the tree, lighting on her horse behind her, which frightened it. It dashed off through the woods at a furious speed, throwing its fair rider, and afterward ridding itself of the catamount, which her companion dispatched. Fortunately she was not hurt in her fall.

Elevated Road Perils.

The premature closing of the gates of the elevated railway cars is a fruitful source of peril to the public. Passengers frequently have them slammed just as they set foot on the slowly moving train and are carried out over the street, sometimes a block or more, before the train men condescend to stop swearing at them long enough to open the gate. One of the latest victims was a young lady who boarded a Sixth avenue train up-town just as it got in motion. The gateman slammed the wicket on her and she had made a trip of nearly an eighth of a mile before she was released. Several times she was on the point of falling, but fortunately for her her skirts had become fastened in the gate and she could not be released till they were set free.

Thrashing a Jockey.

The betting fever which has taken so great a hold on the American people this summer is unfortunately not confined to the men. At the Saratoga and Brighton Beach races women take quite as lively an interest in the fortunes of the turf as do the old lords of creation, and they are quite as well up in the tricks of the race-course. They get "tips" and use them to their own advantage or detriment as the case may be. Last week two fair sports thought they had a sure thing at the Brighton, and bet their pile. Their hopes were blasted by the jockey who rode their favorite. He pulled his steed, and the women were "dumped" badly. Determined to have satisfaction somehow they tackled the tricky rider and gave him a good thrashing.

Competition Between Beasts.

A captive bear at Little Rock, Ark., finds occasional solace in a bottle of beer proffered by some good-natured person. A recent visitor, who had been much amused at seeing bruin draw the cork and drink from the bottle with evident satisfaction, determined to treat as often as the bear desired, taking a glass himself from every bottle which the captive put under his belt. At the end of two hours the man had succumbed to nineteen glasses and was borne away on a shutter, while the bear strolled back and fourth at the end of his chain with a serene and benevolent expression upon his countenance.

A Sub-Marine Ear Chewer.

While a young lady of Jamestown was bathing in Chautauqua Lake the other day, an impertinent turtle seized her by the ear. Her screams brought friends to her assistance, or she would certainly have been drowned; but the turtle's grip was like a bulldog's, and after its head had been cut off it took ten minutes to pry the jaws apart. It was a cruel experience for the young lady of Jamestown, but without these little incidents of summer leisure correspondence from seaside, lake and mountain would not be one half so picturesque.

Foolhardy Pastime.

A young blood and a female companion at Leadville indulged in a foolhardy undertaking one day last week. He held a cigar between his teeth and permitted the woman to fire at it with a pistol to see if she could shoot the ashes from the cigar without shooting the smoker. Fortunately, or unfortunately, no harm done.

A COLORED BRUDDER IN TROUBLE.

[With Portrait.]

An unprovoked murder occurred at Museville, Va., last week. A party of negroes were engaged in a quarrel and some white men, among whom was J. Cole Arthur, attempted to quell the disturbance. The negroes were armed with clubs and like raving maniacs they struck everyone who came in their way.

One, among the first fatal blows struck by Doc Wright, was that which struck Mr. J. Cole Arthur about the left temple, breaking his skull and felling him to the ground in a dying condition. Mr. W. A. Murrell, seeing that a blow was being dealt at him, threw up his arm to catch the lick and had both bones of the forearm broken; besides these, other parties received slight wounds.

Arthur, after he had received the blow, was first carried to the counting room of the store occupied by Mr. C. C. Shelton, and afterwards to Mr. J. C. Turner's. Dr. D. C. Dickinson was called in but pronounced the case beyond the skill of a physician, and about 8 o'clock Sunday morning Arthur breathed his last.

The night after the murder a large crowd of negroes assembled at the house of Doc Wright; it was supposed to prevent his arrest, but the parties did not go until next morning, when many of the crowd had left, but there were still about forty present.

When the parties went to make the arrest they first surrounded the house by coming in from different directions. As soon as the inmates found out what was going on outside they commenced coming out, some saying Wright was in the house while others denied it. After trying to get him to come out and failing, some of the detail started in, but the women of the house protested, saying that Wright was out and there was a lady in the house who wanted to dress. The object was to dress Doc in women's clothes and let him pass out under the guise of a woman, but the detail went in and found him in a shed room. He was taken before a justice who sent him and Sam Wright to Chatham, Va., for indictment by the grand jury.

Doc Wright was placed on trial for murder in the first degree and convicted. He will be hanged shortly.

LEFROY, THE MURDERER.

[With Portrait.]

The murder on the London and Brighton road, at London, June 28, one of the most frequented lines leading out of the metropolis, excites the keenest interest everywhere. It is seventeen years since a similar murder took place, though murderous assaults innumerable have been attempted on various roads, and one on the Underground railway. On

Monday afternoon the Brighton Express steamed out to Croydon station. In a first-class carriage there were two persons, one an elderly gentleman, Mr. Gold, a retired corn merchant, traveling to his house at Preston, the other a young man of about twenty-five. What happened after the train left Croydon is surmise. Nothing could be better adapted for carrying out such murderous attempts than the system of English railroad carriages, the victim and murderer being, as it were, shut up for the occasion without the possibility of the former appealing for help. True, there is an alarm bell attachment in the carriages, and on this line special mention must be made of the same being in working order; but in case of a life struggle it is virtually impossible for the person attacked to pull the communication even if he knows where to find it. In this case all that is known is that two or three hours later Mr. Gold's body was found lying in Balcombe Tunnel terribly mutilated. The train did not stop between Croydon and Preston Park, and when the express stopped at the latter place a man was found in a first-class carriage apparently wounded and covered with blood. He gave the name of Lefroy, "author and journalist." He told a strange story to railroad officials. How, after leaving Croydon, he had heard a shot fired and felt a blow on his head, upon which he became insensible and only recovered consciousness on reaching Preston Park. When he recovered he said that he found himself the only occupant of the compartment, with a pool of blood at his feet. He could not tell who fired the shot but had an impression that it was not the old gentleman who sat opposite to him. Lefroy was taken to the police station at Brighton, where he gave the above particulars and afterward had his wound dressed at the county hospital and was permitted to leave for his home. On the carriage being examined it was found that the cushions had been cut. Blood was scattered about and three bullets had lodged in the woodwork. He was afterwards arrested and is now in jail awaiting his trial.

TAKING EXCEPTION TO PASTORAL CALLS.

Familiarity That Did Not Meet a Husband's Approval.

Nick Sniffles, an old colored man, who "hefted" the hamper basket in days that are forever gone into the leafy shades of the past, has separated from the wife whom he married of a Sunday away back "yander" when the fuzzi from the cotton trees was wafted around by the warm breezes of July. The affair was very sad. Old Malinda, Nick's wife, has spread "lots and lots" of jam on bread for young lawyers who are now "takin' cases aroun' town," but her matrimonial partnership with Nick, the young buck lover of her young days, is forever withered, like the ear of corn which the sun blasts without maturing. Several weeks ago a new preacher went into Nick's neighborhood. The preacher went to Nick's house, and when Nick went home he found his wife in unapostolic juxtaposition to the old man.

"Dis is a pastoral call," said the preacher.

"Yes," replied Nick.

Next day Nick went home suddenly. Old Malinda sat on the minister's lap.

"What does yer call dis?" asked Nick.

"A pastoral call, sah."

"Wall, lemmy tell you. Yer may come heah an' eat cabbage an' beans, but de naix time I ketches yer in one ob yer pastoral calls, I'll split a green clap-board ober de top ob yer head."

The preacher left, and since then, with a strained bow and with kitchen courtesy, Nick has been Mr. Nick and Malinda has been Mrs. Malinda.

THE STORY OF AN ELOPEMENT.

A Young Canadian Woman Betrayed, Drugged, Robbed and Deserted.

A young woman named Sarah Thompson of Guelph, Ont., has been reclaimed by her parents at Buffalo, after having eloped with a man named Allan, a former employee of her father, who kept a cabinet factory at Guelph. Allan had repeatedly been refused the hand of the young woman, but she, becoming enamored of him, eloped with him to Oswego, N. Y. One day after living with her about a week he rushed into her room asking eagerly, "Did a lady call for me?" She replied indignantly, "No; what claim can any woman have on you now that I am your wife?" Allan thereupon confessed that he had another wife living, and left the hotel to escape the scene that ensued. He returned soon afterward and prevailed upon the grief-stricken girl to take something that he called medicine to quiet her nerves, but which in reality was a drug. He then robbed her of all her money and nearly all her jewels, and deserted her.

Not daring to return home she went to Buffalo and obtained a situation as a domestic, and was soon afterward taken seriously ill, when she related the true condition of affairs to her employers, who telegraphed to her friends. The meeting of the girl and her father was very affecting. He took her home, and has instituted measures both in Canada and on this side to bring the villain to justice.

THE DEVIOUS DIVORCE.

A Story of Two Persons Who Were in Chicago Last Week—Love, Separation and Romance—A Mysterious Story Founded on Fact.

The old man with a memory, who holds a steady situation on the Times, wandered into Hooley's Theatre a few evenings ago and, between scenes, scanned the actors in front of the footlights who always imagine they are playing their little parts without being submitted to the scrutiny visited upon those who pirouette on the other side of the orchestra. Aided by an opera glass of double convex lens power, a face that was once familiar was finally noted. The features were those of a man over whose head the breezes have blown for at least two score and ten summers and winters, and his companion was young, girlish and slight enough to have been a younger daughter of a long line. Furbishing up his memory the "o. m." bethought himself of the history of the much-married man as he sat within range of his vision; for, be it known, the damsel beside him was neither wife, daughter nor blood relation. In 1853 the man entered into partnership with a farmer who was wealthy for those days and who resided near a village in Illinois, the name of which is very similar to that of the county seat of the county which gave birth to General Grant, in southern Ohio. The town was divided by a stream bearing a name akin to that of Reynard, an animal not disconnected with the national sport of England, while the cognomen of the county sounded like that of a once famous arctic explorer. Both members of the farming and stock-dealing firm were married and the senior, after looking over his broad acres, numerous steers, and thinking regretfully of the good \$100,000 he must leave behind, and bidding farewell to his wife and children, he concluded that even the flesh of a cattle-dealer was but grass, and was cut down.

In a short time the better-half of the junior member of the late firm also succumbed to chills and fever and the inevitable, and cumbered the ground no more. Under such distressing circumstances what more natural than the formation of a new firm out of the shattered remains of the old? even as a new block has been built in Chicago out of the fire-wrecked remnants of two old ones. Besides, after all these years, the male member of the newly-organized firm had not been very successful financially, having speculated much on his own account, while the widow of his departed partner had of felt galore in her own right, aside from what had been set apart for her children, two daughters and a son. The partnership was formed, but was dissolved in a year or two by the scythe of the man on the white steed, though prior to dissolution nearly all the woman's property had disappeared in speculations on the Chicago board of trade. In hard luck, at all points, another wife with funds was regarded as a necessity, in more ways than one, and just at this juncture a young married lady from Chicago appeared on the banks of the river which divides the village. From the fact that her husband was conductor of a street-car, it might be inferred that she did not roll in wealth, but she had been wedded before, and had in her own right, some \$12,000. In a very short time the disconsolate widower convinced her that they were the joint possessors of two hearts that should beat as one, and she agreed to marry him as soon as a divorce could be procured.

She admitted that she had no fault to find with her husband, and feared no cause for divorce could be discovered, but the "fond lover" was equal to the emergency. He haunted Chicago, and became on the most intimate terms with the collector of nickels. He fed him on soap suds, and filled him with strange drugs, and one night decoyed him into a house of respectable shape, where he had stationed two whippersnappers to view the man's crime.

Divorce proceedings were at once commenced and carried through quickly, and the conductor was forced to make a defense. A marriage soon followed, but the couple so mated lived together but six months, when the woman packed what was left of her goods and money, and departed.

Very recently the eldest of the daughters of his first partner, his second wife, and his own step-daughter, received her portion of the estate, amounting to about \$20,000, and she it was who was seen in his company at the theatre. It is rumored, in the little town over yonder, that another wedding is imminent, and the old-man-with-a-memory who witnessed the billing and cooing is not disposed to doubt the word of the gossip. —Chicago Times.

A PRETTY GOVERNESS IN THE CASE.

Much excitement has been caused at Bristol, Va., by the sudden death, under harassing circumstances, of Mrs. James A. Brickey at the residence of her husband, near Estellville. It seems that some time since a pretty governess was obtained for Mr. Brickey's children and after she had been in the family some time had managed to obtain a strong hold upon the affections of the husband, but the wife was anxious to have her out of the house. Finally the injured wife determined to assert her rights, and, convinced that the relations be-

tween Jude Murphy and her husband were criminal she ordered the woman to leave the place and during the absence of Brickey she went. But when her husband came home he went after Miss Jude and reinstated her in the mansion, where she is now. A few days ago Mrs. Brickey died suddenly, and was buried, no neighbors being invited to the funeral. The circumstances created so much suspicion that an investigation was held, which showed up a dark mystery, and one which has caused the wildest excitement. The body of Mrs. Brickey was exhumed and taken to the mansion, and the widower, putting on a bold face, coolly took a pine brush and kept the flies off the body while it was being dissected. Many bruises were found about the breast, and it was ascertained that her skull had been broken. The governess was in the room at the time. A warrant is now out for Brickey, who has disappeared.

A LUCKY BARBER.

Who Will Never Handle the Lather Brush Again—How He Got an Heiress.

A correspondent writing from Atlantic City says: The only thing which lends additional interest to the daily programme is the gossip of the piazzas, in which an occasional romance comes out. And when a story gets started it travels very fast and every little bit of gossip is turned over and over, like a sweet morsel under the tongue, until it reaches stupendous proportions. I was told a very pretty little romance last night, while pausing for a moment in the ball room of one of the larger hotels. The room was brilliantly lighted and the waltz was at its merriest. A companion pointed to a couple gliding by us. The man was tall and handsome and—well, never mind the man. The man doesn't amount to anything, anyway. It is the woman in the case that is interesting. She was dressed in a very beautiful white satin which looked as if it might have been a wedding dress. She was as pretty as a picture—a perfect blonde, with light golden hair. She was graceful to a fault.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out;
As if they feared the light.
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fair a light.

I recalled these lines as I watched the fair dancer whirling through the mazy waltz, and repeated them as we sought the piazza and lit our cigars.

"Yes," he said, "she is a most beautiful dancer and one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. I think very few here know her history. She married a barber and that was the man you saw her dancing with."

"And that was her wedding dress that she was dancing in?" I asked, as the vision of the beautiful girl in her white, shining attire came before my eyes.

"Well, no," laughed my friend. "There was hardly time to get up a trousseau. It was an elopement. Her father is very rich. He lives up the Hudson river somewhere, within easy range of the city, with a mansion in New York in the winter. This man ran a sort of a fashionable hair-dressing saloon, and the girl used to drive to his place to have her hair dressed. He is a fine-looking fellow, as you have seen, and by some of those curious capers which love cuts sometimes, she fell desperately in love with him and he with her. He had made some money—I guess he was pretty well off—in his business, but the rich old millionaire never would have consented to the marriage in the world, and the girl knew it. She was rather romantic, too, and didn't at all dislike to create a sensation, so they planned an elopement. They might have skipped off in the daytime well enough, but that wasn't half romantic enough. This was early last summer, when the family were at their Hudson river home. Well, one night the girl slid down stairs, shut the door carefully after her, and, hidden in a long duster and a thick veil so that no one could recognize her, joined her lover, and the two drove away in a covered carriage. They boarded a train on the Hudson River railroad, and before midnight were married and on the way to Philadelphia. It was done right up in style, and there was no hitch. The next day the parents up the Hudson discovered that the bird had flown."

A note left behind told the tale and left the information that the newly-married couple could be found at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia. And there they were found. The old man posted in as fast as express trains could carry him. But he was too late. He raved around for a while, and finally concluded that if he disowned his daughter it would create a bigger scandal than the elopement, so he made the best of it. The elopement was covered up as much as possible, and the old man had it given out that the marriage had received his sanction when first contemplated. The hair-dressing saloon was closed. It was said that the proprietor had made a large fortune at it, and that it was only a side speculation, anyway. The thing was very nicely explained away, and the couple are apparently as happy as two children digging holes in the sand down on the beach.

TABLE Bear Sold Hear, was the sign over the door of an ale house, and a wag, on seeing it, said, that he thought that the bear must be the landlord's own bruin.



TREEING A BURGLAR.

A LAW BREAKER WHO BORROWED FROM THE HISTORIC OOOO—
"DON'T SHOOT; I'LL COME DOWN;" LIVINGSTONE PARK, N. J.



MASKS AND FACES.

THE QUEER CONTRAST THAT POVERTY AND A POLICEMAN BROUGHT
ABOUT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.



PERILS IN THE AIR.

THE DANGEROUS POSITION IN WHICH A YOUNG LADY WAS
CAUGHT ON THE ELEVATED RAILROAD; NEW YORK CITY.



MOLLIE SCHULTZ AND THE CATAMOUNT.

THE THRILLING ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL A CELEBRATED HUNTRESS IN MONTAGUE
COUNTY, TEXAS.



A QUIET RACKET

BROKEN UP—HOW A WIFE DISCOVERED HER HUSBAND'S LITTLE FAILINGS—CLIMBING
TO GET FACTS FOR A DIVORCE CASE; CINCINNATI, O.



TRAGEDY ON THE BOWERY.

MRS. COLEMAN SHOOTs GEO. W. COLES FOR EFFECTING HER RUIN—"YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME, AND I WILL HAVE REVENGE."—1—MRS. COLEMAN. 2—MR. COLEMAN. 3 COLES, THE VICTIM.



JOHN CHINAMAN ON A "BUST."

THE WAY TWO RIOTOUS MONGOLIANS AND TWO FRAIL CAUCASIANS ENJOYED A SPREE AT CONEY ISLAND.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

The Great Battle Between Billy Ed-
wards and Arthur Chambers.

How Edwards Was Defrauded Out of
\$2,000 and the Championship by
a Well-Laid Conspiracy at
Squirrel Island, Canada.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

One of the most important battles fought during 1872 was the Chambers and Edwards battle at Squirrel Island, fifty miles above Detroit, between Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards for \$2,000 and the championship of the light-weights.

The match was originally made between George Seddon's Unknown, who was understood to be Batt Mullins, who had just arrived in this country and was the guest of Arthur Chambers and George Seddon, who were then the proprietors of the once famous Arbor, No. 50 Houston street.

Batt Mullins was, it is claimed, booked for the pugilist who was to try and win the laurels. Edwards had thrice fought for it successfully, but at the time for naming the "Unknown" Seddon named his partner, Arthur Chambers.

The announcement created no little surprise at the time and the fact that Chambers was to meet Edwards created no little excitement in the sporting world of both hemispheres.

Chambers had gained a world-renowned reputation in the "Land of the Rose" by his performances with first-class light-weight pugilists, and ever since he arrived in New York in 1871 he gained a host of admirers by the manner he made use of his mawleys at the various sparring exhibitions he attended.

Before giving a report of the battle and the exciting incidents connected with it we will introduce our readers to Arthur Chambers.

The famous pugilist was born at Salford, near Manchester, England, December 6, 1847. He stands 5 feet 3 1/2 inches in height and has fought at various weights ranging from 116 to 128 pounds. After a roving and romantic life in the Queen's Royal Navy, he, at the early age of seventeen, turned his attention to pugilistic matters, and by way of testing his abilities he was matched with Arthur Webber, a youth residing in the same town, the match being at catch-weight for a five a side. They fought at Mode Wheel, in the Manchester district, Oct. 1, 1864, when Chambers gained his maiden triumph, after milling 35 minutes, during which 20 rounds were contested.

So pleased were his friends with the manner in which the youthful Arthur had performed in the meet that they looked about for somebody of greater calibre to pit him against. They hit upon Ned Evans (who had fought Bill Ingram a short time before) as the man, and with him a match was made upon very favorable terms, Evans holding Chambers so cheap that he laid \$30 to \$20. They came together at Flouch, near Hazel-head Bridge, Nov. 8, 1865, and there and then did Chambers take the conceit out of the bold Evans, who had to cry a go after they had contended 44 rounds in 1h. and 30m. The limit of weight in this battle was 118 pounds.

Chambers had scarcely got off training when he was again matched, his opponent this time being Jim Prior, also of Salford. They fought for \$25 a side, at 118 pound, at Flouch, Feb. 6, 1866, Chambers again coming off with flying colors, the fight lasting but 20 minutes, in which they rattled through 13 rounds.

On Aug. 7, same year, he stood up before Jim Brady, a Manchesterian, at Newburg, for \$25 a side, at 116 pounds. After twenty rounds had been got through, occupying 1h. 20m., the authorities interfered, and a suspension of hostilities was rendered necessary. They met again next day at Chat Moss, on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, when Chambers was for the first time defeated, after contending gamely 63 rounds—3h. 15m.

Late in the fall of that year his friends matched him against Dick Goodwin, alias "Spring-heeled Dick," of Manchester, for \$25 a side, at 116 pounds. The engagement took place at Acton Bridge, Delamere Forest, Cheshire, Feb. 19, 1867, 105 rounds being fought in 2h. 20m., and ending in a draw.

The subject of our sketch now made a visit to the British metropolis, where he was taken in charge by Billy Shaw, who got up a purse of £15, to be contested for by Chambers and Jim Finch.

The affair came off in the London district,

May 21, 1867, at catch-weight, and ended in the purse being divided, by consent of Chambers, who received £11 and Finch £4, after fighting 62 rounds in 1 hour and 40 minutes.

Upon his return to the Cottonopolis, at the latter end of the year, his friends found him a customer in the person of Harry Kimberley of Birmingham, with whom he was mated for £25 a side, at 118 pounds. On Nov. 12, 1867, they tried conclusions at Woodhead Tunnel, Yorkshire, when Chambers received a *douceur* of £16 to withdraw the stake, after they had peppered each other for 1h. 23m., 33 rounds being contested.

In the early part of the subsequent year his old opponent, Ned Evans, made overtures for a fresh match, and our hero, being nothing loth, they signed articles to fight for £50 a side, Evans confining himself to 120 pounds, and allowing Chambers to be catch-weight; but Evans afterward forfeited £15.

Shortly after this fell through Chambers got on with Tom Scattergood of Manchester, who had beaten Joe Grindley at 114 pound, for a tinner a side; but Scattergood was never in the race, and, although fighting with great gameness, he was obliged to acknowledge defeat at the expiration of 40 rounds in 50m., at Fiddler's Ferry, near Warrington, Dec. 20, 1868.

Jim Prior, having putted away his water that in a second essay he could do better with Chambers than before, an off-hand match for a £10 purse was entered into and decided in a room at Manchester, December 23, 1868, Chambers winning in 4 rounds, which consumed 23 minutes.

Harry Kimberley now came to the front again, proposing to do battle with his former conqueror for a purse, and £10 being subscribed, they contended for the possession thereof in a room at Manchester, Jan. 22, 1869, at catch-weight, the member from Birmingham having again to lower his colors, after 22 rounds had been fought in 35min.

We next find the Salford pugilist at the Epsom Spring Meeting, in 1869, when Billy Shaw, taking advantage of his presence, matched him against his late trainer, Batt Mullins (as a trial for the latter, who had beaten Tim Haggerty), for a purse of £10. After a slashing fight of 43 rounds, occupying 1h. 15m., they concluded to divide, May 27, 1869, near Epsom race-course.

At the Chester meeting, in the spring of 1870, Chambers was matched with Enoch Brittle, at 116 pounds, for £50 a side, but the latter forfeited the first deposit, £2, and that was the last heard of the match.

A few weeks after this he was pitted against George Fletcher (the Derby Lad), who had fought Potts, Short, Cowleshaw, Fox and Rawlings, for £50 a side and the light-weight championship, at 119 pound, and they met near Prestatyn, Wales, Oct. 6, 1870, when the mantle of victory fell upon the shoulders of Chambers, 56 rounds being fought, occupying 50 minutes. He likewise received forfeit from Peter Morris and Kenny the Shoeblack, the latter on Jan. 31, 1871.

Finding no more fish to fry in the land of his birth, owing to the stringency of the measures adopted for the suppression of arene displays, the subject of our sketch determined to emigrate to the United States, and on March 21, 1871, he arrived at New York. Prior to his departure from England he was the recipient of a benefit at the Victoria Music Hall, Manchester, at which he was presented with a silver belt, bearing the following inscription: "Light-weight Champion's Belt, presented to Arthur Chambers by his backers and several friends, in consideration of his straightforward and manly conduct both in and out of the prize-ring, previous to his departure for America, Feb. 24, 1871. Victoria Music Hall, Manchester."

After his arrival he issued repeated challenges to men of his weight and up to 120 pounds, and efforts were at one time made to effect a match between him and George Seddon; but the negotiations fell through, and it was not until his friends concluded to accept the 126-pound challenge from Billy Edwards in 1872 that he succeeded in getting on with anybody. It is questionable, too, whether he would have been the man to face Edwards had not Batt Mullins failed to fill the bill, it having been an unknown who was matched against Edwards.

Chamber's opponent, Billy Edwards, was born at West Birmingham, Eng., on December 21, 1844. In altitude he measures 5 feet, 4 1/2 inches, minus his gaiters; is a young man of well-knit frame and excellent muscular development, particularly about the arms and upper portion of the body, fair complexion, with hair of light brown color, clear, blue eyes, and would be taken for anything else but a prize fighter.

During his youth he was thrown among the sporting element. He arrived in America in 1865. Not long subsequent to his arrival, he made his debut at sparring entertainments, and created a most favorable impression. In February, 1868, he accepted a challenge from Sam Collyer. He secured Dooney Harris, who brought him to the mark in good condition.

They fought at Cherry Point, Virginia, for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the light-weights, on August 24, 1868. Edwards won after fighting 47 rounds, lasting 1 hour 14 minutes. After this fight Edwards declared that he would fight no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ECCENTRIC FANTOMS.

A FARMER near Albany, Ind., named Frederick Stoner, having been sued for \$5,000 for libel, hanged himself in his barn.

JESSE WAY, a Newlight preacher of Wabash, is under arrest for causing the death of Callie Easterbrook by abortion. She was his adopted daughter.

THAT statement of a Kentucky journalist falling heir to \$250,000 was a canard. He merely fell from a window, which was his usual luck.

A GUARD at the jail at Ozark, Ark., liberated four prisoners on trial for murder. There is the wildest excitement over the act, and a sheriff's posse is after the butchers.

A NEW YORK Chinaman has the following notice, which we give according to the revision: "To trust is to bust. To bust is Hades. No trust, no bust. No bust, no Hades."

A TRAMP in Alabama recently fell dead while sawing wood. The strange part of the affair is found in the fact that the tramp was actually engaged in wood sawing. His death will be a warning to gentlemen of his class.

ONE of the most remarkable crimes on record is that of a Swiss emigrant in Eagle Creek Valley, Minn. He was despondent over failure of crops and home-sickness, killed his wife and five children and then blew his own brains out.

A BLIND man departed in a very angry state of mind from the Mayor's office in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, because he had been refused a permit to carry a pistol. He said he wanted it for self-protection and could easily tell where to shoot by hearing.

THOMAS BARBICK, of Chicago, was thrown down stairs by two women and instantly killed. Thomas' fate serves to emphasize a sometimes disputed fact, namely: That there is something more wonderful even than woman's love, and that is woman's wrath.

CLAUDE SLYTER, editor of a weekly paper at Greentown, Ind., while standing at a desk last month, had every vestige of everything torn from his body by lightning, and was so paralyzed that he could not move a muscle. He has completely recovered from the stroke.

AN OTTUMWA (Ia.) rowdy insulted a young lady of that place. She stepped out on the walk and called the fellow to her. As soon as he came within reach she grabbed him by the collar with her left hand and with her right opened on him and gave him a thorough thumping.

SHERIFF WOOD, of Sycamore, Ill., was persuaded to take a prisoner named Edward Hardy to the barber's. The jail-bird made a dash when the doors were opened, but was recaptured by the sheriff's youngest daughter, who thrust a revolver in his face and forced him to halt.

AT Ascension Island there is a church. The chaplain had been much troubled by the determination of many of his congregation to take the front seats. He lately put up a notice saying that this privilege would be granted according to age. Since then the struggle among the ladies has been for the back seats.

A SHORT time since, two young ladies near Campbell, Pa., were accosted by a gypsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each, she would show them their husbands' face in a pail of water, which, being brought, they exclaimed: "We only see our own faces!" "Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husband's when you are married."

IT happens once in a while that a guilty man meets with punishment when not expecting it. An incident of the kind occurred a few days ago in Knoxville, Tenn. A counterfeiter made his escape from the officers having him in charge, and made his way to the woods. A thunder storm approached, he took refuge under a tree, and was struck dead by lightning.

THERE are sixteen persons in jail at Chicago on charge of murder. The bail of John C. Hayward, indicted for the murder of James McMahon, has been reduced to \$2,500. He has lain in jail for three years, and was once convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Killing people in Chicago ought not to be regarded as a joke.

A COW-BOY went to a saloon in Tyler, Tex., and called for a drink of whisky. The bartender set out a bottle; the cow-boy smelt of it and asked if it would kill. The bar-keeper told him that it would not; he then requested the bar-keeper to test it, which was done, when the cow-boy remarked and walked out: "I will be back in about two weeks, and if you are alive I will try some."

THE Onancock Virginian tells of a nice young man visiting that place, who included "lady-killing" among his other seaside recreations. He kept looking in the window of a married lady until he saw her shake her handkerchief, when he called at her room. After being picked up at the bottom of the stairs and having his dislocated bones set, he was explained that she was only shaking some apple peelings from her napkin.

A REMARKABLE case of petrification was made known at Port Washington, O., a few days ago by the removal of the remains of a Mr. Kline, who had been dead over eight years. The body was in a fine state of preservation, al-

though the coffin and rough box were completely rotted away. The feet were gone, but the remainder of the body was covered by a thin coating, resembling lime, and was so hard as to render it impossible to indent it with pressure of the hand. The body was also very rigid and could not be placed in an upright position. His neck-tie was in as good condition as when new, but his clothing was completely gone.

IT was supposed that the farmer who sued for trespass the boy who saved him from drowning, had attained the topmost pinnacle of meanness, but he will soon be forgotten in contemplation of the New London saloon-keeper who offered to reward the poor but honest young man who had returned a lost purse containing \$400 by shaking with him for drinks. The poor but honest young man lost, once more proving the truth of the grand old maxim that honesty is the best policy; for if he had not spent all his money for the drinks he would have purchased a toy pistol for his boy, and the little fellow would now have been writhing in the grasp of lockjaw.

THE man in Newark, Ohio, who was arrested and almost lynched last January, under a charge of excessive cruelty to his little son, was placed on trial last week. His testimony in his own defense gives a view at once curious and shocking of the kind of discipline adopted by him, to bring his son up to be "the right kind of a boy," as he expressed it. "The stick I put on his tongue," he testified, "was a flat hickory stick, an inch wide and one-fourth of an inch thick. I split it back over half way, put an ordinary carpet-tack in the top part of the stick, had him put his tongue in, and pressed it down with my thumb and finger, and he pulled his tongue out. I put it on several times. I punished him in this way to make an impression on his mind."

A GOOD story is told of a farmer down in Johnston county, N. C. He was, with his wife, traveling in a buggy to Goldsboro, last week, when he was startled to see by the roadside some tents pitched and men in and around them. He pulled up his horse and eagerly enquired what was the matter. He was answered by a wag that there was another war and the country was in an uprising. Frightened out of his wits, the countryman turned to his wife and said: "There, by gosh, I told you so. When I seed that star with a tail to it in the element I was afeared of just such a thing as war. I knowed it was coming. Mary, let's git back home." And they "got." It turned out that the people in the tents were a surveying party of the North Carolina Midland Road.

G. F. FEERSTINE, who lived on a rented farm near Cherokee, Iowa, seduced his child, aged 12, and a baby was born a few days ago. The girl states that ever since 10 years of age her father has been criminally intimate with her. The child seems unaware of the infamous life she had been forced to lead, and related her story with an artlessness that even added to the degradation of her father, who had fled. One of the most singular things in connection with the matter is, that his wife, who must have been cognizant of his crime, at least recently, should have quietly endured it up to a time when publicity could no longer be evaded. Before absconding, Feerstine made a full confession. The farmers in the vicinity are wild with rage, and will lynch the demon if he returns.

LAST week, during a sudden thunderstorm, a lightning-bolt struck a large pine tree in a field belonging to Mr. S. G. B. Faulkner, who resides about eight miles from Richmond, Va. At the time, Mr. Faulkner and a number of hands were working near by. The report was sharp and loud, and shocked several of the men. Mr. Faulkner noticed that the tree was set on fire by the lightning, and sent his hands to clear away the brush to prevent the fire spreading to the fencing. About 20 minutes after the tree was struck another deafening report was heard in the tree, and on examination it was ascertained that the fire had communicated with a shell which was lodged in the tree during the war. The tree was somewhat shattered from the explosion of this old companion, and the bushes near by were cut down by the fragments. No one knew of the shell being in the tree. This is a most singular occurrence, and probably the first where a shell was exploded by lightning.

"You am de squarest man in Austin," said old Uncle Mose, entering a drug store and taking the clerk by the hand. The drug man blushed modestly, and said he always tried to do his duty as a Christian and an American citizen, regardless of age, race, sex, or previous condition. "I knowed right off you was a Christian, sah. No man in de drug bizness, 'ceptin a foller ob de Lord would hang out such a sign as you have got. Hit shows you am a Christian fust, and a pizener arterwards. I was jest spellin' it out. Hit am de best advice eber I got in a drug store." "What sign are you talking about, Uncle?" asked the somewhat bewildered druggist. "Dat ar," said the old man pointing to a placard on the wall which read: "Tasteless Medicines." "Dat ar am de best advice in de world, taste less medicines. I neber had tasted no medicines, nohow, and dat ar am de chief reason I's alive and kicking yit. But you am de first Christian druggist eber I struck," and the old man strolled out just in time to avoid stopping with his head a package of hair restorer that the infuriated druggist hurled after him.

A 'ORSE HAFTER HALL.

Why Mr. Elliott, Jr., Loved His 'Orse and why Mr. Jacob Brown Loved Neither.

Jacob Brown is a well-to-do citizen of the old section of Philadelphia, called Southwark. He lives on Snyder avenue, near the corner of the Point Breeze Road House. If there is one thing he prides himself on, it is his knowledge of horseflesh, and on the accuracy of his judgment two enterprising young men, supposed to be from the wicked city of New York, speculated. About four o'clock one afternoon, James Elliott, Jr., and Michael Cleary drove up in front of Jacob Brown's house. The conveyance was a most dilapidated looking wagon, attached to which was a lean, lank horse, bespattered with mud, and apparently worthless. The reins were old clothes lines, and the harness was patched with pieces of rags and strings. Cleary and Elliott got out a set of quoits and began to play. So deeply were they interested in the game that they did not apparently notice the remarks which the astute Jacob Brown was making a friend regarding the wretched looking animal. Jacob walked round the horse and criticised the animal. There was a large bloody spot over one of the horse's eyes (which on a casual inspection half an hour later appeared to be red paint) and a dirty rag that had once been white was wrapped around the animal's off hind leg half way from ankle to knee. Finally, having nudged his friend and companion, remarking *sotto voce*:

"Let's have some fun with these fellows," Jacob said: "What do you intend to do with that?" inclining his elbow and shoulder, contemptuously, toward the horse that was standing looking at the ground as innocently as a lamb.

"What, the wagon?" asked Elliott in return, with a decided cockney drawl.

"No, that horse. You'll have to take him down to the Gray's ferry road. They don't buy soap fat here."

"That 'orse!" said Elliott in a much injured tone of voice; "why, sir, there's nothing the matter with 'im."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Brown, convulsed with laughter.

"I intend to sell 'im," retorted Elliott, manifesting some pride in the animal. The horse was also observed for to wag its left ear.

"Well, you had better do it quickly"—from Brown.

"I had, had I? Why 'e's a good 'orse."

"The whole concern—horse, wagon and harness—wouldn't bring five dollars," suggested Brown.

"Now, look 'ere, mister, you don't know nothing about that 'orse," said Elliott, rather pitifully. "I love that 'orse, I does. I tell you as 'ow 'es' worth more'n a 'und-er-ed dollars." His face was so serious that Brown pitied the poor fellow, but couldn't help laughing at him.

"It's too absurd," said Brown.

"I'll tell you w'at I'll do; I'll bet you a 'und-er-ed dollars as 'e can go in three minutes. I love this 'orse, I do, and 'll back 'im."

There was a struggle between Brown and his friend as to who should have "the huckle-berry," as they called an opportunity to win a cool hundred. Brown insisted on his priority of claim, and his right being recognized, Brown said, chuckling:

"All right; I take that bet. Don't you want to make the time five minutes?"

"No, a bet's a bet with me. I loves that 'orse, I do." Here the horse wagged his right ear, but kept his eye toward Brown closed.

A stakeholder of integrity was found at the tavern near by, and the \$200 was placed in his hands. The party then got into the wagon—that is, four members of it did—Brown's friend and a comrade insisting on walking because they feared the vehicle would break down, and drove slowly to Point Breeze Trotting Park. The horse could not be urged out of a jog, and Brown said he felt sorry a dozen times that he hadn't doubled the bet. Apparently the shafts of the mud bespattered wagon were holding the quadruped up. Every time Elliott would say, "Now, I tell you, 'e's a good un," or "I loves that 'orse, I does," poor Brown was convulsed with laughter.

Having reached the inside of the trotting park, the stakeholder and Brown and Cleary took their places at the judges' stand. Elliott was to handle the ribbons and Brown was to give the word. The horse walked around the track, which was in fair condition, and when it appeared about an even thing that the animal wouldn't fall down from sheer weakness, the timekeeper and starter proposed "to get the horse off." Elliott got out for a bucket of water, sponged the animal's mouth, climbed back again into the wagon and announced that he was ready to start.

He drove back on the track a hundred yards, turned the horse and came up to the judges' stand at about a 4½ minute gait; but when Brown shouted "Go," with unusual unction he witnessed a transformation scene. At the word, the apparently wretched animal threw his ears back, stretched his neck and got down to work. He straightened out beautifully within twenty seconds. Not a break, not a skip, but the real thoroughbred trotting. He passed the quarter in forty seconds, and entered on the stretch toward the half mile post

at even better speed. This was passed in 1:19, and the next quarter was made in about 36½ seconds, after which Elliott held in "the unknown" so that he finished amid a cloud of dust, but with head erect and ears well back, in 2:37. An old horseman who saw the trot assured your correspondent that in his judgment the animal could have made good ten seconds in a sulky, or seven seconds better as he was if he had been "let go." The animal looked very different from the sullen, misanthropical, slab sided beast of the cross road. He had evidently been looking for "that under-ed dollars." Brown groaned as he saw the money paid over to Elliott. The horse, left to himself, stood complacently on three legs and chewed one of the upper rails of the fence. The party then separated, Elliott's last audible words being:

"I loves that 'orse, I does."

ANOTHER WASHINGTON SOCIETY SCANDAL.

A Gallant Caught Dead to Rights by His Wife—She Makes a New Wardrobe Look Sick.

Another scan in high life bids fair to absorb some of the attention bestowed on the celebrated Christiancy case and unroll its slimy folds in the divorce court. It involves the reputation of a man and two women, one his wife. The gentleman was but recently an army officer, occupying a high national position, and a gentleman whose scientific attainments and name are familiar to every reader in the United States. He is of large wealth and liberal disposition and his position in Washington society has been fully commensurate with his official rank. He owns extensive properties in and about the city, keeps a steam yacht fully equipped with wines, liquors and edibles, and entertains his friends in royal style. Among other houses that eke his handsome rent roll is a very pretty two-story brick cottage on Thirteenth street with an invitingly cool veranda running all around it. It was at least very inviting to the owner, for although the house was presumably reared to a dashing young widow, who occupied it with a single servant, he was seen there regularly every day. The lady of the house is a petite, attractive creature and this was enough to set tongues going. They had been going some time, however, before the story of this pretty little bird cage and its occupant reached the home of its owner and the ears of his lawful wife. When it did so finally a domestic cloud arose which, at first no bigger than a woman's hand, swooped down upon that home in a square old-fashioned storm.

The legal family residence is out Fourteenth street, nearly a mile from the cosy seat of the adopted wife. Putting a watch on her husband's footsteps the injured wife soon discovered that the tales that had reached her were only too true. Recently she planned a domiciliary visit, which not only clinched the conjectures of the wife but in its denouement made the scandal public to the entire neighborhood. The distinguished ex-official and scientist had scarcely quitted his quiet little bird-box, taking his dove out for an airing, before the wife had presented herself at the entrance and demanded of the servant in charge whether the establishment was owned by her husband, naming him. The astonished servant admitted that it was.

"Very well," replied the wife, "I am Mrs. —," and she walked in. Once in possession she began a search which, although without the customary legal warrant, was equally effective and thorough. She opened the trunks, pulled out drawers and hustled the feminine finery on the floor, stamping on silks and tearing satins and embroideries to shreds. When she had carried this examination of a feminine wardrobe to some extent she stumbled upon a package of letters in her husband's handwriting, which made the situation almost apocalyptic. This was nothing, however, compared with the wifely rage when she turned up a few fancy photographs of her husband and his petite flame exhibiting themselves in tights and in various other attractive and melting costumes and attitudes. She was wrought to such a pitch by this time that she fled from the house, vowing vengeance on all concerned and bringing out the immediate neighborhood. She declared that she couldn't get decent clothing for herself, while her sinful husband was spending thousands on this mistress, making his wife turn her last year's dresses, while the mistress was maintained like the fabled lily of the field. When her spouse and his lily returned they found the bird's nest in chaos. The colored woman in charge was bounced from the box and broke out like an infection all over the neighborhood. The scandal will probably enliven a dull season in the divorce court and tear up fashionable society generally.

REV. LEWIS MOORE, an aged minister of Rhea county, Ky., was arrested a few days ago charged with incest. He is over 70 years of age and his arrest at the time created the most intense excitement. He was committed to jail. After lying there two days, he was tried, found guilty of the foul charge and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. Before the occurrence he was held in high esteem and his extreme piety excited great respect.

A BAD BADGER.

The Sheriff of Racine County accused of Attempting an Outrage Upon a Young Woman—His Alleged Victim a Domestic in His Family and the Daughter of an Old Neighbor.

A highly sensational story has gained currency, at Racine, Wis., involving George Bremner, Sheriff of Racine county, and Mary Dietrich, a young woman employed as domestic and heretofore treated as a daughter in the former's household. Bremner, who is said to be of Scotch descent, occupies a prominent place in the affections of Stalwart Republicans and the saloon element, who pulled him through at the election last fall, though at the tail end of the ticket. He is 49 years old, has a wife and four children, one of whom is a young man. Bremner has stood fairly in the community, on his own account and by reason of his connections by marriage.

Mary Dietrich, the alleged victim, was reared in paths of virtue. Her father, John Dietrich, is superintendent of the county farm near Union Grove. The wife and children of Bremner have been absent from home for a short time, the Dietrich girl having been left in charge of the house, and having for company Lavinia Eads, daughter of Col. Eads, late of Union Grove, and who had been boarding at Bremner's while attending the high school. The girls were of the same age—19—and roomed together.

Bremner removed to Racine last fall from Union Grove, where his family, the Dietrichs, and Col. Eads had lived for years on terms of intimacy. So attached were they that Mary Dietrich and Lavinia Eads had come to call Mr. Bremner father. The sleeping apartments occupied respectively by Bremner and by the girls adjoin, and the door between them had never been locked. On Sunday night the girls retired after Bremner had sought his couch. Hardly had they got into bed when the door from the adjoining apartment was opened noiselessly, and Bremner sprang upon their bed and seized Mary Dietrich in his arms, at the same time making improper proposals to her, and endeavoring to induce her to go to his room. Mary struggled hard to escape, and her screams were echoed by Miss Eads, which frightened Bremner away. He returned in a few moments, when the girls resumed their cries, and again he beat a retreat.

There being no escape from the house the girls could but remain where they were. Next morning Bremner left at an early hour on a business visit to Waukesha. Mary Dietrich's state of mind was such, however, that she was incapable of much thought to plan anything. Besides, her bringing up had been of a kind which teaches an almost abject subservience of servant to master and these were the actual relations she was conscious of sustaining to Bremner. This mistaken notion of duty and honor even suggested to her mind the necessity, if possible, of shielding Mrs. Bremner, who had been almost a mother to her. She passed Monday in a dazed condition with Vinie Eads at her side, afraid to leave her. Tuesday brought Bremner home, but, as he said, only for a few hours, stating his intention to leave again that night. The girls hesitated about going and remained. At night Bremner returned to the house, saying he had missed the train.

After dark the girls went out on the front stoop where two young gentlemen friends spent the evening with them. Mary Dietrich about midnight resolved to go to bed. She entered the house but was confronted by Bremner, who was naked and seemingly under the influence of liquor. He had just come into the room where they were, apparently intent on making a tour of the house. Mary at once ran back and joining Vinie on the stoop walked away from the house. They were piloted by one of the young men with them during the evening to a respectable boarding-house where the kind hearted lady took them in, their sad story being half told, and gave up her own room.

At last a nervous system taxed so frightfully gave way and Mary Dietrich fell in a fit on the floor. Dr. Meacham, who was called in, says that he never saw a worse case of nervous prostration from an attack of this kind. The girl in her statement to Jacob Dietrich, her uncle, to the physician and to the county prosecuting attorney, Mr. Cooper, asserted that the attempt to violate her person was not entirely successful. As yet no formal complaint has been sworn out, as is necessary in that State.

A SAD PICTURE

To Be Seen Frequently in Police Stations—The Depths of Maternal Devotion.

Many pitiful specimens of humanity are constantly brought under the notice of a police reporter, but perhaps the saddest type of all is that which is met with the most frequently. It is a little, old woman, with a voice that is always low and tremulous, and eyes so red and watery that one wonders whether she ever did anything else but cry. She wears a shabby black dress, a threadbare shawl, and an

humble, old-fashioned bonnet that never saw better days. It is unnecessary to describe her further, for every station-keeper knows her. She is the model mother of a jail-bird, and she always asks the stereotyped questions: Why was her poor boy arrested? Whom did he ever harm? Would they let her see him? The answer is: "Gone to the bridewell for three months;" and she bursts into a fit of weeping, and after a while she goes away. The months pass, and soon the same figure, in the same shabby dress, presents itself at the gate of the county jail. Won't they let her see her boy? Can't she take him something to eat? But it is not "visitors' day," so she is refused admittance. Still crying quietly, she trudges back to some dingy tenement-house in the slums of the city, and waits patiently and prays for her boy. Nothing more is seen of her until some day in the criminal court, a jury brings in a verdict of "guilty," and the judge fixes the penalty at "five years in the penitentiary." The prisoner is cursing his unlucky fate, but he turns suddenly, thrilled by a cry which jars harshly on the nerves of all. It is only an hysterical old woman; she is quickly hustled out of court, and the next case on the docket is called. This is generally the last scene in a drama that is too real to be romantic, and too often repeated to be of interest.

Day after day, and year in and year out, the old woman haunts the police stations. She is always simple and innocent. Raised perhaps in some quiet village in the old country, she grew up ignorant and superstitious, but devout and good. In the city her son was subjected to influences which she never knew, and how could she believe him to be a saloon loafer, a burglar, and a murderer? If he beat her in his drunken moments, she imagines perhaps all mothers were beaten, and so she loved him still. Looking at his coarse and brutal face behind the bars, one would shudder at the idea of meeting him alone at night and of feeling his fingers at the throat. But stained with crime and soaked with liquor as he is, to the old woman who bore him he is still "my boy," and she loves the scoundrel as fondly as when he tugged at her breasts as helpless as a blind kitten.

Sometimes she is allowed to see him in his cell, and when, trembling with excitement and love and fear, she goes toward him with tears streaming down her cheeks, her reception is something like this: "Now don't you come any of that funny business on me. Dry up and let's have the grub." And so on to the end.

LOVE AND REVENGE.

The Romance of a Vassar College Graduate Who Loved Unwisely—The Fate of a Titled Fortune Hunter Who Trifled With a Young Girl's Heart.

In one corner of the palace-coach sat a woman, young and beautiful, but with a settled look of despair upon her face and a cold, hard, cruel glitter in her eyes. She was richly and tastefully attired, and about her was that indescribable atmosphere which breathed of superior education and refined, cultivated habits and tastes. As was easy to be seen, she had a history. A gentleman who sat in another part of the car, an acquaintance of the reporter and sheriff of Texas county, related briefly her story. As had been surmised, the lady had been brought up under the best influences that great wealth and high social standing could command. She had been blessed with every educational advantage, having graduated at Vassar and spent some time in travel through European countries. While in the Netherlands her heart and the promise of her hand were won by a handsome titled scapegrace. This was two years ago. When she returned to this country her lover followed after in the course of a few months. But meanwhile the girl's father had died and his vast fortune had been swallowed up in wildest speculations, so that the foreigner found his promised bride penniless. Like most of his kind, he broke off the engagement and set about seeking a more desirable alliance elsewhere. He found it in the person of a young lady living in the same Texas town as the girl whom he came to marry. He pressed his suit, and the two were married and immediately set out for Europe.

The rejected girl found means to follow them slowly but surely. After months of patient and persistent efforts, she came upon them in a remote German town. The first intimation the scoundrel had of her was the sharp, sudden crack of a pistol that sent a ball pitilessly through his false and craven heart. Of course, she was arrested, and then followed weeks of trial and torture. Finally she was declared insane, and the authorities placed her in a mad-house. Meanwhile, a wealthy relative, moved by a mother's tears, followed her, and, finding her, secured her release, and now she was on her way back to her far-away, desolate Texas home. Her relative was aboard the train asleep, and the officer was watching that she did not do herself harm—almost a superfluous, needless precaution, for she was chained to the seat upon which she sat. Underneath the silken robes could be seen now and then the cold metallic glitter of the handcuffs upon her wrists and links of the small but strong chain which held her.



DOC WRIGHT,

MURDERER OF J. COLE ARTHUR, AT MUSEVILLE, TEX.

How Jimmy Hope, the Famous Bank Burglar, Was Caught.

Chief Crowley and Captain Lees, of the San Francisco police department, ascertained that a gang of Eastern burglars had paid that city a visit and were disposed to go into business against the banks. From information received in regard to suspected burglarious operations against Sather's bank, cor-

ner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, the Chief, at an early hour in the evening, stationed detectives in a room in the second story of the building, and others upon the opposite side of the street. About 9:30 at night two men were observed to enter by means of a pass-key the door leading up stairs in the bank building and the officers stationed in the second story were, by an agreed signal, apprised of the fact. It being dark they could not tell where the men were, but heard them conversing at the end of the hall on the second floor. The officers made a descent upon them and caught one Jimmy Hope,



JIMMY HOPE,

THE FAMOUS BANK BURGLAR; RECENTLY CAPTURED IN SAN FRANCISCO.



ARTHUR LEFROY,

THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF MR. GOLD IN AN ENGLISH RAILWAY CAR.

search warrants had been issued at the instance of the State's attorney, Hon. J. B. Wood, and placed in the hands of the township constable, commanding him to search for all gambling tables or other gambling devices and publicly burn the same. The orders were promptly and thoroughly executed and while the cremation of these nefarious implements was going on the protestations of the sporting gang and their sympathizers became loud and long. This execution of the State law meets the hearty approval of all law-abiding citizens there.



A SUB-MARINE EAR-CHEWER.

THE WAY A TURTLE SERVED A YOUNG LADY WHO INVADDED ITS DOMAIN; CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, NEAR JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



FOES TO FARO.

THE CITIZENS OF HOT SPRINGS, ARK., SEIZE A GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT AND MAKE A BONFIRE OF THE FURNITURE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.



A QUEER BEDFELLOW.

THE JOKE PLAYED ON A FRESH MEDICAL STUDENT BY HIS ASSOCIATES; JANEVILLE, N. Y.

a notorious Eastern bank robber and cracksmen. Further search by the officers revealed that under the stairs leading to the third story a hole nearly two feet square, immediately over the safe, had been cut in the floor. A trap door had been made so as to neatly fit the opening. It was further found that a hole had been made in the vault to a depth of several feet, the bricks and pieces of iron composing the masonry being thrown under the stairs. In one place the iron casting had been reached. A complete outfit of burglars' tools was also found, including a sledge hammer and a handle, a combination jimmy, augurs, saws bits, cold chisels, two dark lanterns, two pieces of heavy timber about three feet in length, which had been cut out of the floor, two overalls and other things useful to burglars. It is supposed that the other burglar, hearing the tussle caused by the arrest of his confederate, escaped to the third story, passed into a law office to which he had a key, and thence sprang through a window to the roof of a restaurant on Commercial street, a distance of 8 feet, and made good his escape over a circuitous route to Clay street.

Burning Gamblers' Tools.

On the afternoon of the 14th inst. great excitement was occasioned at Hot Springs, Ark., upon a principal street, and large crowds of people assembled around burning piles of furniture removed from the numerous gambling houses told that something of unusual import was transpiring. It was soon ascertained that



TWO BRUTES MATCHED

TO SEE WHICH COULD DRINK THE MOST BEER—THE FOUR LEGGED ONE COMES OUT THE VICTOR; LITTLE ROCK, ARK.



THRASHING A TRICKY JOCKEY.

HOW TWO FAIR SPORTS SERVED A JOCKEY WHO PULLED HIS HORSE, ON WHICH THEY HAD INVESTED A GOOD SUM OF MONEY.

The Champion Pedestrienne.

There is quite a number of female pedestriennes who think they can out-speed many of the male pedestrians in six-day go-as-you-please contests, and many of them have an idea that they can cover 500 miles in six days, although none of them have yet passed the 450 mile mark. Miss Amy Howard, of Brooklyn, is the champion pedestrienne of America, and probably of the world. She has never been defeated in a six-day race and she has covered more miles in a six-day race than any female walker living.

Miss Howard has just returned from the Pacific Slope with sanguine expectations of winning the six-day go-as-you-please race at Coney Island for pedestriennes. On her arrival she found the race had been abandoned, consequently she was a heavy loser, as she threw up several engagements on purpose to come on to this city. Miss Howard called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and stated she was ready to run and walk six days against any female in the world if she had any one to back her. Richard K. Fox offered his services and Miss Howard has agreed to do her

which is now her property, and she won numerous other races. She has covered 400 miles in six days, and says if any one will bet \$5,000 to \$1,000 she cannot cover 500 miles in six days she will accept the offer.

A Flurry in the Flock.

About, ten years ago a couple came from England and settled in Paterson, N. J., where they have ever since been known as Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Montfirth. They took an active part in the Division Street Methodist church. Montfirth was a valued leader at prayer-meetings and other church gatherings. His wife was likewise regarded as a valuable member of the church and when the pastor and his bride, who is an organist of the church, recently started for a trip to Europe Mrs. Montfirth was selected to officiate at the organ. Fortune seemed to smile upon them in every way until last Saturday, when a woman appeared upon the scene who claimed to be the wife of Montfirth, whose real name she stated was George Thomas Williams, while the woman who was known as Mrs. Montfirth was a Mrs. Jane Fox,



GEORGE THOMAS WILLIAMS,

ALIAS MONTFIRTH; ALLEGED BIGAMIST AND WIFE DESERTER; PATERSON, N. J.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

MISS AMY HOWARD,

CHAMPION PEDESTRIENNE OF THE WORLD, WHO CHALLENGES ANY FEMALE WALKER TO A SIX-DAY GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE, FOR \$1,000 OR \$5,000 A SIDE—BACKED BY THE POLICE GAZETTE.



MRS. JANE FOX,

ALLEGED PARAMOUR OF GEORGE THOMAS WILLIAMS.

who had fled from England with Williams, leaving behind a husband. When the original Mrs. Williams arrived in Paterson Saturday she made known her story to the Recorder, producing her marriage certificate, and the identity of her husband with the so-called Montfirth being established the Recorder issued a warrant for his arrest. Subsequently complaints were made against Mrs. Fox and she was arrested and committed to jail. Mrs. Williams sought an interview with her husband, who came out of his cell with a Bible in his hand which he seemed to have been reading. She begged him to receive her as his wife again and she would let bygones be bygones, but he turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties and said he would listen to nothing until he got out of jail. Mrs. Williams finally went to the house her husband had built and with her four daughters took possession.

best to win any match the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE makes.

It must therefore be plainly understood that the POLICE GAZETTE will match Miss Amy Howard of Brooklyn, N. Y., to run and walk any distance from one mile to 500 against Miss Carrie Anderson for \$500 to \$1,000. Should Miss Anderson not accept this challenge the POLICE GAZETTE will match Miss Amy Howard to run and walk six days against any female in America for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side and the female long-distance pedestrian championship of America. Any one desiring to accept this challenge will find the stakes ready at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

At Madison Square Garden, December 29, 1879, she won the Rose Diamond Belt and \$1,000, covering 393 miles, beating Madame Tobias and a number of competitors. In San Francisco she won the Rose Diamond Belt,

Sporting News

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

Nos. 199 and 200 of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, containing Authentic Illustrations of the Garfield Tragedy, with secret history of the life of Chas. J. Guiteau, will be mailed on receipt of 15c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
NEW YORK.

MYERS is pronounced another Hanlan in England.

SIR HUGH has won 7 out of 14 races thus far this season.

GRENADA, G. L. Lorillard's race-horse, is broken down.

JIM GORRIE and Jack Crawley are to fight in England for £50.

JOHN McMAHON, the champion wrestler, is laid up with "gout."

THE Pacific Yacht Club of San Francisco holds its regatta Sept. 9.

At Boston, July 20, John H. and running mate failed to beat 2:14 3-4.

FRED ARCHER, who won the Derby with Iroquois, has just been married.

MEMENTO is said to be the fastest two-year-old in Geo. L. Lorillard's stable.

LITTLE GEM won the purse for the 29-class at Boston recently. Best heat, 2:31.

CHICAGO still leads in the base ball campaign for the League championship.

THE annual cruise of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club will not commence until August 20.

It is expected that the single scull regatta at Cleveland, open to all, will be a big success.

JAS. MURPHY has been appointed Superintendent of the Kentucky Association Course.

At Gawler, Australia, Wm. Edwards recently walked heel-and-toe 110 miles in 23h. 55m.

AUGUST BELMONT, jr., has resigned the position of Secretary of the Westchester Polo Club.

WARREN E. SMITH, of Halifax, states that he will not participate in any more rowing races.

SPORTING men claim that Bowen & Co's Runymede is the fastest two-year-old at Saratoga.

At Adelaide, Australia, Wm. Edwards won the six-day go-as-you-please, covering 451 miles.

THE annual regatta of the San Francisco Yacht Club will take place the first Saturday in August.

DAVIS, ROSS and Kennedy, the oarsmen, are reunited at Portland, and have gone into practice again.

STEADMAN, the famous English wrestler, won the first prize in the Carlisle wrestling tournament.

At Chicago, July 23, Maud S. had three trials but failed to beat her record. 2:11 was her fastest heat.

LACHINE offers a purse of \$5,000 for a single scull open to all race, providing Hanlan and Trickett will row.

CHECKMATE, the famous Western race horse, is running in fine form and he captured the Saratoga Cup.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN writes that he will match Sullivan to fight Rouse, the Colorado pugilist, for \$1,000 a side.

JOHN E. TURNER, of Philadelphia, has a fine stable. It includes Trinket, Ed. Thorne, Hannis and Ben Hamilton.

ROBERT THE DEVIL, the best race horse in England, has gone amiss and will not start for the Goodwood Cup.

ELIAS LAYCOCK won his first race after his return home, beating Rush and Messenger at Grafton, Australia.

THE Canadians are a long while in building that "racing machine" they expect to win the Queen's Cup with.

GEORGE PARRY was beaten in a five-mile walking match at Oldbury, England, by James Rees, in 40m. 51-5s.

THE Manhattan Rifle Club, of New York, intends to send a team to participate in the St. Paul, Minn., rifle meeting.

WESTON thinks of offering an International cup to take the place of the Astley Belt, now Rowell's personal property.

ROWELL should not pit himself to run six days against a horse as he has beaten all the pedestrians in six-day contests.

DANIEL A. McNAMARA of South Boston, on behalf of John Hartnett, challenges Lynch, the Irish athlete, to a series of games.

STALLIONS are becoming favorites in the trotting field; the stock is thereby gaining a great advantage on the sire's side.

It is said Little Brown Jug, the Chicago pacer, can beat Maud S. in a mile—the Queen to trot while Little Brown Jug paces.

WITH such a record as Hindoo possesses at three years old, there is no saying what he may do by the time he reaches maturity.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, of England, intends to enter for the Chimney prizes, as well as for the Sportsman Cup in England.

SIX-day pedestrians in Australia do not amount to much. In a recent tournament the champion was not able to cover 500 miles.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 3d of Aug., Anderson Mill's Ricketty Bill and McBain's Maggie V., are to try 3 in 5 to harness for \$2,000.

At Wimbledon, Eng., the rifle match for the Queen's prize was won by Private Beck of Third Regiment Devon Volunteers with a score of 88.

HENRY ATKINSON defeated Thomas Barnes in a single-scull race of a little less than two miles, for £250 a side, on the Tyne, Eng., recently.

EDGAR M. JOHNSON, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket, was one of the directors of the Cincinnati Club.

THE appraisers appointed by the executors of the late H. P. McGrath, have fixed the value of Aristides at \$5,000, and Tom Bowling at \$2,000.

JEM BROCK, of Clerkenwell, England, has challenged Pat Perry to fight according to old or new rules for any amount from £50 to £100 a side.

E. P. WESTON intends to manage a six-day go-as-you-please race, and offer an international champion cup to take the place of the Astley Belt.

ACTON, the English champion wrestler, offers to wrestle any man in the world, Lancashire style, for £100 to £500. What an opportunity for Bibby!

MICHAEL RUSH and Elias C. Laycock have signed articles to row over the Paramatta Course for \$1,000 a side and the championship of Australia.

TOM McALPINE, the Californian pugilist, called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office a few days ago and stated that he was going on a trip to the Pacific Slope.

THE running of the 2-year-old colts and fillies so far may confirm all that has been said that none of the two-year-olds yet seen can rank with Spinaway.

RILEY, of Saratoga, appears confident that he can defeat Trickett any distance. He recently smashed two of his fingers while loading his boats on a freight car.

At Nantasket, Mass., recently, Sandy Kelly, of Halifax, J. Williams, of Hingham, Lawrence Murray and John Carroll, of Boston, rowed 1 mile for a cup. Carroll won.

At Huntingdon, Eng., J. R. Keene's Brake-speare finished second to Mr. Abington's Beatrice for the Apthorpe Selling Stakes. Five started, Cairngorme being third.

HUNDREDS of pounds have been invested in England on the St. Leger, and although the most money has been laid on Peregrine, Iroquois has plenty of admirers.

At Newport, the 1-mile swimming match for \$500 and the championship, between Geo. H. Wade, of Brooklyn and Florence Maloney, was won by the former in 41m.

THE race horses Prosper and Bride Cake now belong to W. C. Daley. He paid \$505 for Prosper and \$1,325 for Bride Cake. Bride Cake can run a mile in 1:42.

G. W. EATON, of this city, has bought the sloop Vision from Tenney, of Chelsea, Mass., for \$325. The Vision is 28ft. long on deck, 23ft. water line, 9ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. draft.

At London, England, recently, in the glove contest for the Queensbury cup for 140-pound pugilists, Harry Bond beat Wm. Mullins (brother to Bat Mullins) in 3 rounds, in 1h. 25m.

ROWELL is coming to America, and Dame Rumor says he will be a starter in the O'Leary international belt race in October. This is a boomshell for the six-day "champions."

THE sixty-five-hour go-as-you-please at Glasgow, Scotland, was a failure. The pedestrians entered all withdrew because the manager would not give security that he would pay the prize.

DANE, of Alpena, Mich., recently jumped 14 feet 7 inches, using fifteen-pound dumb-bells. His backer offers to match him to jump any man in the world, one single standing jump, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side.

At Wimbledon, Eng., Frank Hyde, the American marksman, won the Albert prize. He tied with Lt. Godsal with 70 points, but in shooting off he made three bulls-eyes to Godsal's two inner and one bull's-eye.

DONALDSON, the aerial jumper, offers to make a match with any man in the world to jump from the Brooklyn, St. Louis and Cincinnati Bridges for \$500 a side; the first to strike the water to win the money.

THERE is no prospect of John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan arranging a match to fight for the championship. The stab wound received in Brooklyn will prevent him from entering the ring for some time.

THE Hamilton, Can., Rowing Association was a success. The first race, in rigged skiffs, was won by Graham, of Toronto. The second race, pair-oared, was won by the Albany, of Albany, N. Y.; Detroit, of Detroit, second.

THE Canadian team won the Kolapore cup at Wimbledon, defeating the British team. Score: British team, 200 yards, 285; 500yds., 205; 600yds., 149; total, 589. Canadian team: 200yds., 227; 500yds., 200; 600yds., 182. Total, 609.

BLANCHE J., the fine race mare owned by Robert F. Johnson, of Cincinnati, has been retired from the turf and bred to Longfellow. Lucy May, the splendid race filly owned by the same party, it is feared is permanently lame.

SIR HUGH, 3 years old, with 102 pounds up, ran a mile and a quarter in 2:08 1-4, only one-quarter of a second slower than the record. Mendelsohn when a 3-year-old, with 95lbs. up, ran the distance in 2:08, but Sir Hugh carried 7 pounds more.

So far the following entries have been received for the regatta for the \$3,000 offered by the Hop Bitters Company to be held in August: Courtney, Dempsey, Hanlan, Ham, Hosmer, McDonald, Plaisted, Ross, Riley, Smith, Ten Eyck and Trickett.

THE small bore rifle match between a picked team of Great Britain and the Canadian team was shot at Wimbledon on July 23. The teams shot at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The British team won by 117 points, making a total of 1,222 to the Canadian's 1,105.

THE bold and defiant challenge of Charles Norton, the noted pugilist, to fight any man in America for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America, has not met with any response. Norton's \$50 forfeit still remains at this office. Who will cover it?

IRISH KING, by Longfellow, is a horse of undoubted speed and bottom, as his victories at two-mile heats and four miles in the West last year proved. He does not appear to run this season up to his form. He, no doubt, wants a change in his training or else he is being kept to surprise the knowing ones.

It is doubtful if the race for the Queen's Cup, won by the America at Cowes, in 1851, will take place this season. The Canadians are dilatory in building the Atalanta at Belleville, Ont., and it is expected that the Canadian racing machine will not be finished in time.

THE Potomac Boat Club of Washington is so gratified at having had the winning crew in the Richmond regatta, that it has decided to send an eight and a four for the championships in the regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen in September next.

JOHN W. McCLELLAN, trainer of Grinstead's stable, arrived at Saratoga on the 18th inst. with the following horses, viz.: Lah-ta-nah, b m, 5, by John Morgan; Jack Haverley, b g, 3, by Waverley; Ballancer, ch c, 3, by War Dance; Pestona Barry, blk f, 2, by imp. Strachino; Square Dance, ch f, 2, by War Dance.

BROWN, a member of the Boston police force, is eager to wrestle Wm. Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, for a gold medal valued at \$100. If Muldoon will agree to wrestle, Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, will put up a champion medal for the athletes to compete for.—*Sunday News*, N. Y., July 24.

THERE is every prospect of a large entry being received for the Manhattan Polo Association Professional Handicap to take place on Aug. 15, and for which the large sum of \$400 is offered. Of this amount \$250 goes to the winner, \$50 to second, \$25 to third, \$10 to fourth, and each heat winner gets a \$5 bill.

THE great 150-yard running race for \$4,000, between "Yund," of Kansas, and C. C. Melver, of Montreal, the fastest runner of Canada, was decided at Woodstock, Can., July 13. After running a dead heat the race was run over, and Yund won by six lengths in it, it is said, 14s. About \$3,900, it is said, changed hands.

HANLAN is the champion of America, having won that honor from E. Morris at Pittsburg, June 20, 1878. Any man who wishes to compete for that title and its attendant glory has only to issue an honest challenge and put up his money. When this is done Hanlan must accept and name time and place, or forfeit the championship.

In regard to Peter D. Rouse's challenge recently published in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, the *Troy Times* says: "Another man wants to fight Paddy Ryan. His name is Peter D. Rouse and he announces in the *POLICE GAZETTE* that he is hungry to get at Ryan, Sullivan or any other man in the world. Won't somebody hit Peter with a club?"

PATSY HOGAN, the light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope, has opened a new sporting house at 143 Morton street. He has named his hostelry the "POLICE GAZETTE SHEDS." Hogan is very popular and will make all who patronize him welcome. Hogan's "POLICE GAZETTE SHEDS" will be made the leading sporting house of the El Dorado.

At Chicago, July 23, the great free-for-all pacing race for \$2,500 and an extra \$500 added if 2:12 1-4 was beaten, brought out seven starters. Little Brown Jug did not start. Mattie Hunter won the first and second heats in 2:16 3-4, 2:16 1-4; Lucy won the next three heats and ran in 2:18 1-2, 2:18, 2:20 1-4. Bay Billy, Sorrel Dan, Rowdy Boy, Sleepy Tom and Ben Hamilton also started.

So-so won the purse of \$2,500 for the 2:23 class, winning the first two and the fourth heats. Edwin Thorn won the third. Time, 2:19, 2:20 1-4, 2:19 3-4, 2:23. Piedmont won the free-for-all stallion purse for \$5,000. Robert McGregor won the first heat, Santa Claus the second, Robert McGregor the third, Piedmont won the next three. Time, 2:18, 2:17 1-2, 2:18 1-2, 2:17 1-2, 2:19 3-4, 2:23.

THE Cornell crew has achieved by modesty and perseverance a third defeat which is free from any suspicion of being the result of bad steering or of foul play on the part of the Englishmen. Flushed with these triumphs, the Cornell men now propose to go to Vienna, where it is rumored that a German crew from a Bohemian sea-port is anxious to row with a crew which it can reasonably hope to beat.

At Glasgow, Scotland, a one-mile handicap foot race for £125 was run between W. Cummings, Paisley, champion, scratch; W. Duddle, Preston, 10 yards' start; D. Matthews, Edinburgh, 20. Betting opened at 5 to 2 on Duddle, 3 to 1 against Matthews and 4 to 1 against Cummings, and a good deal of business was transacted at these prices. Duddle won after one of the most exciting races ever witnessed, in 4m. 21 1-4s.

If the time and score-sheet of William Gale's walk in the lot adjoining the Park View Hotel is to be relied upon, that long-distance pedestrian has completed more than half of his self-imposed task of walking 6,000 quarter miles in 6,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes. The owner of the ground where Gale is walking has ordered the pedestrian to leave as he fails to attract a crowd. Gale will probably finish in a hall in the Bowery.

SOME enterprising man with money, who desires to engage in turf sports, has a rare opportunity now. The race stables of the late H. P. McGrath, containing five of his best young horses, all in full training, is offered for sale by Messrs. Reed and Wheatley, of the Saratoga course. The horses are under the charge of one of the best young trainers in America, Mr. Byron McClellan. There is a chance to get horse trainer and stable boys of experience ready to hand.

MEMENTO won the Flash stakes at Saratoga with 107lbs. up, running the half mile in 49 3-4s. Memento has now won the Hopeful and Flash stakes, which are fair set-offs for her being third in the Juvenile, won by Onondaga; second for the Foam, won by Gerald; third for the Surf, won by Mr. Withers' Julietta colt, and third to Onondaga and Gerald for the July, for which she was carrying a penalty of 5lbs., and third for the Saratoga Stakes, which was won by Vanguard on July 20.

CHECKMATE, six years old, by Glen Athol, owned by J. T. Williams of Kentucky, won the Saratoga Cup without whip or spur. He carried 120 lbs. and ran the 2 miles and a quarter in 4:00 3-4. The time is the third best time on record, Harry Bassett running it in 3:59 and the "dead-hesters" in 3:58 1-4, but at the weights it is the best ever made. Checkmate contradicted all previous estimates of his ability, which have been that at a mile and a quarter he could beat anybody's horse, but that at a mile and a half or over, he would be found wanting in staying qualities.

In regard to Wallace Ross' challenge to Hanlan the latter says: It is very well for Ross to challenge him when he knows that he can make more than stake money where he proposes to row out of railways and privileges, but if Ross likes he will row him on United States waters for \$5,000 a side, barring the usual expenses, at any place designated. Or he will row Wallace Ross wherever he likes for \$2,000 a side, providing a purse of \$5,000 is offered in addition to the stakes by the city or town in the proximity of which the race takes place.

THE following challenge from George Morton, n w at Owey Geoghegan's, should bring a response from the light-weight pugilistic brigade:

"NEW YORK, July 29, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*:"

"SIR—I am willing to fight Frank White, Jerry Murphy or Harry Hill's champion, Jimmy Kelly, with hard gloves, Queensbury rules, at catch weights, for a purse, at any time or place, three weeks from signing articles at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office. GEORGE MORTON."

JOHN KEENAN, the noted sporting man of Boston, recently attached the \$200 Wallace Ross posted at the Boston *Herald* office to row Edward Hanlan for \$2,000 a side. It appears prior to the Seakonk regatta at Providence, R. I., Wallace Ross was in Boston without money or friends. Mr. Keenan agreed to let him stop at his sporting house, bought him a shell and paid all his training expenses. Ross was fortunate enough to win the first prize at the regatta, which was said to be \$3,000, but he never paid Mr. Keenan or came near him after the race. Mr. Keenan says he did not care for the money but for Ross' ungratefulness.

THE officers of the Coney Island Jockey Club are invited by the public to offer a large purse for a two mile and a half race, weight for age, open only to Checkmate, Glenmore, Monitor and Bancroft. A sweepstakes of \$500 each, with \$2,000 added, would certainly be a success, as there is considerable discussion as to the relative merits of the above horses. Many claim Glenmore cannot be beaten at the cup distance. Others claim Checkmate can run the distance faster than it was ever run, while Western men claim Bancroft, when he is right, can beat anybody's horse, while the followers of George Lorillard's stable think he is superior to either Glenmore, Checkmate or Bancroft in any race over two miles at weight for age.

THE proposed prize fight between Owen Maloney and James Weeden is off. The latter failed to cover Maloney's \$300 sent to this office. We returned Maloney's check and received the following:

"Richard K. Fox, Esq., Proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*:"

"DEAR SIR—Your letter, with certified check for \$300 enclosed, came to hand and I am much obliged for the favors shown us in this fizzle of a match between Maloney and Weeden. You have acted fairly with us in this affair, and any time I can do any favor for you in the sporting line I will be pleased to do so. Mr. Weeden has not shown himself the man he claims to be and I do not think he has courage enough to fight anyone. Again thanking you for favors shown I am, Yours respectfully,

"JAMES S. ROUTH, No. 4 Market Alley,

"Per C. D. Wunderlich."

ANOTHER six-day race is to be arranged for the O'Leary International Champion Belt. John Hughes, the *POLICE GAZETTE*'s entry, first won the trophy; in the second race Robert Vint captured the prize. Some unknown individual has challenged Vint and the latter has covered the unknown's \$100 so that there is every prospect of another six-day race in October. In the meantime the belt has never left this office since the *POLICE GAZETTE*'s champion won it. Vint, the last winner of the trophy, has never received it, because the *POLICE GAZETTE* will not give it up until the stake-holder decides to hand over \$500 (part of the stake money in the first race) to the proprietor of this paper. Richard K. Fox has offered to give the belt to Vint when his \$500 is returned, but the stake-holder refuses to do so and Vint is left without the prize he struggled hard to win.

On July 22, 1881, the great rifle shooting match for the Elcho Shield was shot at Wimbledon, England. Teams from England, Ireland and Scotland competed and shot at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. England won the trophy making the best shooting at the 800 and 900 ranges and the best average. The Scotch team beat both England and Ireland at the 1,000 yard ranges. The following are the scores:

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
England.....	558	538	546	1,642
Ireland.....	512	510	527	1,549
Scotland.....	516	506	478	1,501
Average of the English team.....				205 1-4
Average of the Irish team.....				193 5-8
Average of the Scotch team.....				187 5-8

FRED KROHN's, the noted pedestrian, eight hours go-as-you-please race for prizes, \$100 to first, \$50 to second, and \$30 to third, was decided at Harlem River Park, recently. Thirty-two pedestrians started, among them being John Hourihan, of Boston; P. Mignault of New York; C. Noremac, of Scotland; James Hayes, of New Jersey; A. Fleming, of New York; Harry Howard, of Montclair, and D. C. Horty, of New York. Previous to starting Hourihan had the call in betting at \$25 to \$15 over Noremac, who was second choice. The race resulted in a victory for L. Hours, of Ashland, Penn., who made 50 miles and 51-2 laps, winning the first prize, \$100. Fleming got \$50 as a second prize; distance covered, 50 miles 11-4 laps. Third prize, \$30, went to Hayes; distance, 48 miles 41-4 laps. Hourihan, the favorite, was taken sick early in the race, but he pluckily kept on and secured fourth place.

"THE Champions of the American Prize Ring." Opinions of the press.

A handsome volume published by Richard K. Fox, New York, contains full page portraits of all the champions, elegantly engraved.—*N. Y. Sunday News*.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is a new and handsome work issued by the *POLICE GAZETTE*, edited and arranged by William E. Harding.—*N. Y. Sun*.

"Fisticuffs;" Richard K. Fox, New York, has recently issued under this title a handsomely illustrated work which should be a text book for the "Fancy."—*N. Y. Sunday Times*.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is the first work of its kind ever published in this country and will doubtless be largely perused by the fistic fraternity.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

The only attempt to place on record a complete and connected history of Tom Hyer and his successors who held the championship of America. The book is filled with excellent likenesses of all the noted pugilists and accounts of their battles. The work is the only one of its kind that has ever been published in this country.—*London Globe*, April 3, 1881.

Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, of New York, has issued a handsome book containing a complete history of the heavy-weight champions of America with authentic portraits of all the noted pugilists and accounts of their battles. The work is the only one of its kind that has ever been published in this country.—*London Globe*, April 3, 1881.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring," with their battles and portraits, has been published in convenient form by Richard K. Fox, of New York. The record begins with the memorable fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and concludes with the Goss-Ryan battle in Western Virginia last June. The sporting fraternity will find this little volume very interesting.—*N. Y. Herald* April 9, 1881.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD!

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, NEW YORK.

SPORTING.

M. A. B., Texas.—The letter was long since destroyed. H. O'Hara, N. Y. City.—Send for the "American Athlete."

L. M., Fort Townsend, Washington Ty.—About ten minutes. T. H., Louisville, Ky.—Should the match occur send us sketches.

D. S., Pottsville, Pa.—1. No. 2. Tom Sayers stood 5ft. 11 1/2 in. in height.

J. S., Marshall, Mich.—State the actual distance and we will answer you.

A. D. Gilman, East Boston.—You will have to write to Muldoon at Flint, Mich.

H. W., Alpena, Mich.—In the fight between Heenan and Sayers the latter gained first blood.

N. D., Elmira, N. Y.—Write to Haverly or some other musical director; they can answer you.

D. W., Garrett, Kansas.—It is hard to decide. We should say that a horse could cover the most miles.

A. G. M., Washington.—1. No; should he do so the shot is foul. 2. He should bank to make the carom.

L. S., Davenport, Iowa.—Hindoo won by a walk-over. Aranza and Crickmore did not start against him.

S. P., Detroit, Mich.—Joe Coburn and Charley Diamond were Ned O'Baldwin's seconds when he fought Joe Wormald.

S. W. M., Boston.—John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer, can supply you with Paddy Ryan's picture.

Wm. E., Co. D., Fort Sanders.—1. Gus Hill swings two 30-lb. clubs. 2. The heaviest club he swings weighs 80 pounds.

M. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Gus Hill is the champion club swinger. 2. He defeated Ladin. 3. Write to John Woods, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

P. D. Rous, Saginaw, Cal.—Send on a forfeit of \$200 to this office and back up your challenge and you will be accommodated with a match.

S. W., Altoona, Pa.—The proposed prize fight between James Weeden and Owen Maloney is off. 2. Weeden failed to cover Maloney's deposit.

P. C., Braidwood, Ill.—1. No. E. Depew Davis was champion 100-yard runner in 1867-8. 2. We do not know who claims that title. 3. McVior is the fastest in this country.

Old Subscriber, Greenwich, Conn.—1. E. W. Johnston, of Hamilton, Canada, on May 27, 1878, cleared 5ft. 21. 2. Donald Dinnie has the best record for putting the 16-pound shot, 50ft. 9in.

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—At Chicago, Ill., Sept. 13, 1880, Maud S. trotted a mile in 2:10 3/4. 2. It was the best on record until her performance at Pittsburg, Pa., July 13, 1881, when she trotted a mile in 2:10 1/2.

S. W., San Francisco, Cal.—Johnny Dwyer defeated Jimmy Elliott for \$2,000 and the heavy-weight championship of America at Long Point, Canada, May 8, 1878. 2. Twelve rounds were fought in 12 minutes 20 seconds. 3. No.

B. B., Baltimore.—Send for the "American Athlete."

2. To reduce superfluous fat take plenty of walking and running exercise and drink as little fluids as possible; also abstain from all food liable to increase fat in the system.

W. C., Portland, Me.—Hanlan is the champion oarsman and must accept all challenges to row for that title. 2. He is not compelled to row the race on any course his challenger may select. Hanlan should have a right to name the course himself.

AMUSEMENTS.

Harry Hill's Sporting Gentleman's Theatre. 28 East Houston St. Established 1854. Grand variety sporting programme. Nightly resort of all the champions. There will be a Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Harry Hill's Resort is the rendezvous of all the champions. Strangers who come to New York should not fail to witness the sporting events that take place nightly, and Harry Hill's Female Boxers and Great Show, at 28 East Houston street.

Matt Grace's New Sporting Saloon.—Don't forget to call at the sporting saloon, 36 Blacker street, near Crosby street. It is Matt Grace's, the ex-champion wrestler and noted sporting man's new saloon. Every accommodation and the best of liquors and cigars.

The Great Pedestrian Shoe Maker. Come and see Houlahan, 184 Bowery, near Spring. He has on exhibition all the pedestrians' shoes worn in the great go-as-you-please and heel-and-toe races.

Geoghagan's New Summer Garden. Free and Easy. No. 105 Bowery. Sporting and Wrestling every evening. Ale, Wines, Liquors and Segars. Admission Free.

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Largest Custom shoemakers in the country, are the POLICE GAZETTE's shoemaker. Shoes for Pedestrians are made on the "Rowell" last at \$6 and \$7 a pair. Fine English dress and easy walking shoes for business wear ready made, \$3 to \$5 to order \$4 to \$6. All our shoes are sewed by hand with the best Irish flax thread and warranted. 201 Canal street, corner of Mulberry.

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The life and adventures of this famous desperado, who in his twenty-one years of life eclipsed Olaned Duval, Jack Sheppard, and Cartouche in deeds of daring and villainy. Published by Richard K. Fox, in the POLICE GAZETTE series of Famous Criminals.

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